

INTERVIEW: DAVID "RAMBO" MORRELL

ESPIONAGETM

February 1986

MAGAZINE
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**JANWILLEM
VAN DE WETERING**

Non-Interference

MICHAEL GILBERT

Early Warning

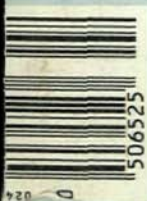
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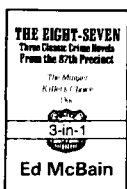
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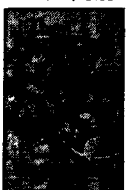
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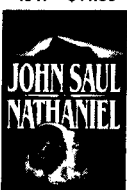
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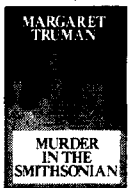
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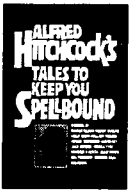
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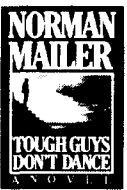
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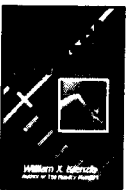
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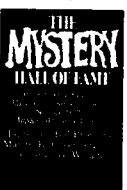
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ESPIONAGE

MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1986

Volume 1 Issue 6

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COVER ART by Rob Richards

ABOUT PEOPLE

JOE GILL, a transplanted Brooklynite, lives and works in Connecticut. A writer and editor, Joe has been a longshoreman, a merchant seaman, a cab driver, an insurance investigator, and anything else he could be that would support his writing habit. And a good thing, too!



JOE R. LANSDALE is the author of six novels, including "Act of Love" which received very good reviews from several nationally known mystery magazines. Joe's short stories have appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies and we're happy he has added *ESPIONAGE* to his credits.

ISAK ROMUN, well-known writer of mysteries and science fiction, has had at least one story find its way to a high school literature text, and several included on the *Honor Roll of the Yearbook of the Mystery and Suspense Story*. Presently, he teaches two fiction-writing courses at one of the state colleges in Virginia.



JANWILLEM VAN DE WETERING, born and reared in The Netherlands and living in Maine (USA) for the past several years, has won the *Grand Prix de Litterature Policiere* in France for his Dutch police-sleuth series featuring Grijpstra and De Gier. His latest novel, "The Rattlerat" (Pantheon), was published in the U.S. just this past Fall.

The editors of *Espionage Magazine* are pleased to announce their

First Annual SHORT-STORY CONTEST

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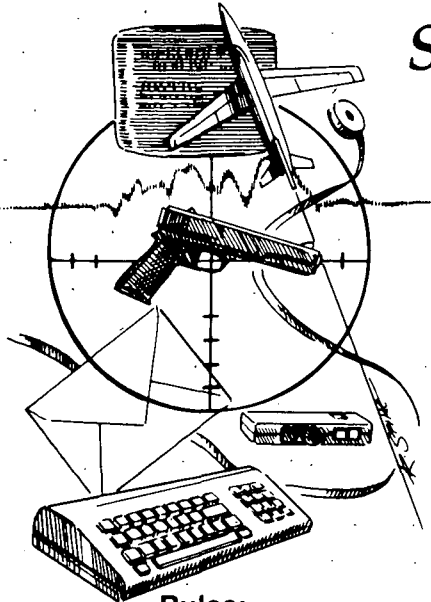
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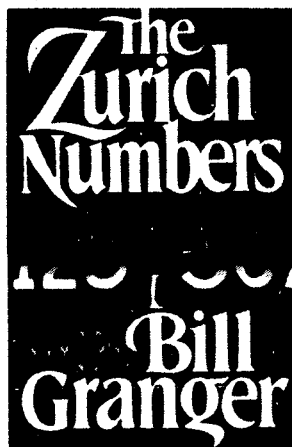
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Rules:

1. All entrants must be currently enrolled as full- or part-time students at an American college or university in the U.S. or abroad, and must be non-previously published writers.
2. All stories submitted must be original and previously unpublished, and should be suitable in content and style for publication in *Espionage Magazine*. (Students are advised to familiarize themselves with the magazine before writing a story for this contest. Single issues are available at many newsstands, or a one-year subscription may be ordered for a special student rate of \$12.00 from *Espionage*, P.O. Box # 1184, Teaneck, N.J. 07666. Include the name of your college or university on your order.)
3. Submissions should be no longer than 4000 words, typed double-spaced on one side of a sheet of paper only. Please do not use onion skin or erasable paper. The entrant's full name and address, and the name of the college or university s/he attends should appear on the first page of the manuscript.
4. Submissions should be addressed to *Espionage Contest*, P.O. Box # 1184, Teaneck, NJ 07666, and must be postmarked no later than December 31, 1985 to receive consideration.
5. Winners will be notified by mail on or before June 1, 1986. The winning stories will be published during 1986. All rights to winning stories will be the property of the publisher.
6. Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

ABOUT BOOKS



THE ZURICH NUMBERS, by Bill Granger. Crown Publishers, Inc., 1984. HB, 243 pp.

For many of you readers, all I would have to say about this book is that it is the new "November Man" novel, and you would rush out and read it as soon as possible.

But even for those who aren't familiar with the series, it is a fine read. Unlike many series books, which assume a certain knowledge on the part of the reader, *The Zurich Numbers* explains the background and the characters as it goes along, and does not leave one with the feeling

that one is unfamiliar with important details.

As the book begins, Devereaux, "November," a US agent for "Section R," is in hiding in New York City, undergoing "reprocessing" after pushing the "Opposition" a little too far on his last mission. He is bored and unhappy over being separated from his lover and sometime partner, Rita Macklin.

"November's" boredom is soon ended by a letter from his feisty Aunt Melvina, who does not really appreciate that he is "involving" her. He flies to Chicago to find out what she means by that, and is soon himself involved in a Soviet espionage effort that is backed by the NSA. Fighting both sides, he eventually penetrates to the core of the plot, and sets things right, causing a satisfying number of the bad guys to get what they deserve in the process.

I have one problem with this book. It is okay for an author to cause a character to lie to the reader; that just complicates the mystery. It is not okay for the author to lie to the reader in his

persona as narrator. The following quotation does not represent a death scene:

"Denisov put the black muzzle of the Walther against Devereaux's left temple. The metal felt cold. Devereaux closed his eyes. He never heard the explosion."

The reason is that the explosion never happened. But we don't find that out for several chapters. That is not playing fair, Mr. Granger.

In spite of the above, I recommend this book. It is good reading.

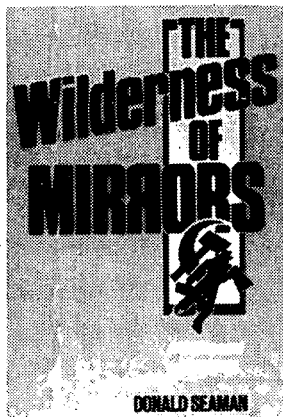
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BIG MONEY, by Peter Turnbull, St. Martin's Press, 1984 HB, 173 pp.

There are many competent novels about able police work in which faceless detectives, perhaps made faceless by their profession, track down each tiny clue, and, with the strokes of luck and fruits of human carelessness that inevitably accompany such dedication, solve the most complex of mysteries.

Such is the case with *Big Money*. In the grim, working class environment of modern Glasgow, Scotland, a Post Office has been robbed of a quarter of a million pounds. The crime is a competent, professional, inside job, and included in its planning stages a police detective sure to be assigned to the case. And then the legwork begins.

This slim volume is the fourth in the series about the "P Division," and perhaps readers of the previous three would not find the characters so anonymous as they appear when encountered "cold." Overall, this is not a bad novel; nor is it a good one. It is a neutral novel, and adds nothing to the genre. Unless you can find it remaindered for under a dollar, don't bother.



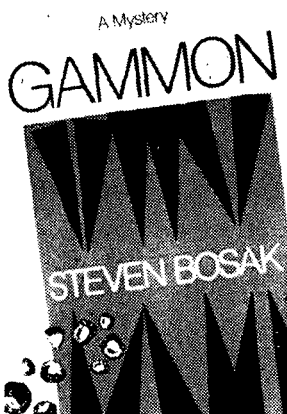
THE WILDERNESS OF MIRRORS, by Donald Seaman. Published by St. Martin's Press, New York, NY, 1985. HB, 314 pp.

A reprint of a 1984 British thriller, Seaman's latest novel opens with an apparently simple operation going horribly wrong. In spite of minimal Soviet security, a noted space scientist's defection attempt fails. The director of the British Secret Service is forced to resign over the incident and it falls to his colorless deputy, Guy Hammond, to ferret out the supermole who leaked the details of Operation Houdini to the KGB.

At the same time, an earlier high-level British SIS defector, Adrian Stanhope, now a high-level KGB operative, is working to foil a CIA/Chinese operation to employ the deadly Agent Green against the Soviets. The two plots become inadvertently intertwined due to the actions of a group of counter-revolutionary South Vietnamese terrorists.

The KGB's use of a proven untrustworthy like Stanhope strains credibility somewhat. Still, I enjoyed the book as a complex and well plotted novel that points out how good, laborious security work can slowly unravel a situation. No surprises here, but the outcome isn't predictable, either. Recommended.

* * *

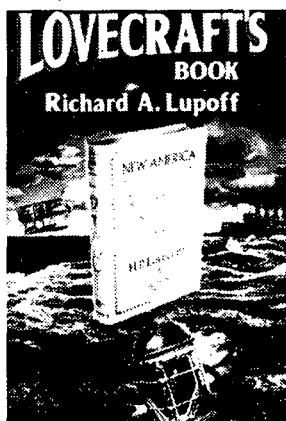


GAMMON, by Steven Bosak. Published by St. Martin's/Marek, New York, NY, 1985. HB, 217 pp.

This first novel follows Vernon Bradlusky, small-time Backgammon hustler and Backgammon advice columnist, as he rapidly gets in over his head in African terrorist politics. Running from his discovery of the murder and gruesome mutilation of his best friend, Bradlusky flies to Portugal to enter a Backgammon tournament organized by the rich husband of a former lover. Once there, Bradlusky gets mixed up with various "colonial exploiters" and Angolan revolutionaries of several factions. Nothing is as it seems. He

comes to suspect his former lover and her husband of the murder of his friend. The tournament blows up in everybody's faces. The mystery gets solved. Some of the bad guys turn out to be good guys.

This book depressed me; and this is not a complaint. It is rare that fictional characters grab me sufficiently to get involved in their problems, but it happened here. The book is written in a hard-boiled-detective, first-person style that is easy to get into. Even though Bradlusky is not a hard-boiled dick, it works. My only complaint is that most readers, including myself, are not familiar enough with the game of Backgammon to understand all the analogies. Recommended.



LOVECRAFT'S BOOK, by Richard Lupoff. Published by Arkham House Publishers, Inc., Sauk City, WI, 1985. HB, 260 pp.

Is this book fiction? It purports to be the results of the author's investigation of a "sequence of events," but it stops short of claiming to be factual. Presented in standard fictional format, the book describes efforts by H.P. Lovecraft and the brother of the great magician, Houdini, to thwart a secret fascist plan directed toward a revolution in, and invasion of the United States in the late 1920s. Although Lovecraft's actions ultimately place him on the "good" side (which includes Italian/American organized crime figures),

he is depicted as a thoroughly despicable character. His own words brand him — on the one hand as an impractical dreamer, and on the other as a bigot and a racist who found in Adolph Hitler's writings the stamp of a kindred spirit.

I hope this is totally fiction, but the presence of a four page bibliography and certain comments in the introduction belie this. As fiction, it could be considered a minor but competent spy story of the period between the World Wars, in the same genre as others that attempt to personify history by introducing historical personalities as characters. If you are a Lovecraft completist, or someone who wants to get into the spirit of a period in which bigotry was far more socially acceptable, then read this. My own feeling is that it makes no more contribution, and is no more worthy of preservation, than Lovecraft's own works.

ABOUT VIDEO

Public-domain films are those no longer covered by copyright. Royalties no longer have to be paid to anyone. That keeps the price of these videocassettes low. Unfortunately, anyone with a few slave machines can set himself up in the duplicating business, and that keeps the quality down.

I have seen two copies of the same film that were as different in quality as can be imagined. One had apparently been copied from a worn-out print and was faded and full of splices and scratches; the master for the other had been made from a mint-condition print, and not a frame of the sharp and clear videocassette differed from the original theatrical release. The price of both these videocassettes was the same.

So, when buying one of the public-domain features, the name of the duplicator is as important as the title of the videocassette. It can have an effect on both your enjoyment and your pocketbook. It's a good general rule to stay away from anything put on off-brand blanks or in cheap, flimsy packaging. If the manufacturer doesn't think his product is worth much, it probably isn't.

Here are two old films that may interest *Espionage* readers:

THE SECRET AGENT (One of the *Video Film Classics* from Kartes Video Communications, Inc.; 1936; 84 min.) is an early Alfred Hitchcock film that stars Madeleine Carroll, John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, and Robert Young. Some of Hitchcock's first films are better than his later ones, and this feature stands the test of time very well.

British agents are sent to Switzerland to execute a troublesome German spy. The story has all the humor and plot twists we associate with Hitchcock plus thrills and menace, too. Lorre's per-

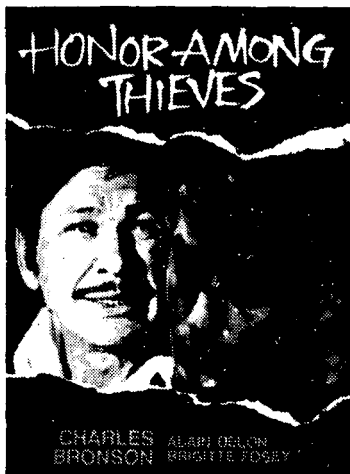
formance alone is worth the price (\$19.95) of the tape. Like the rest of this series, reproduction is very good and the cassette comes packed in a plastic library box that matches the other titles.



GUNGA DIN (The Nostalgia Merchant; 1939; 117 min.) is filled with suspense, intrigue and humor. Based very loosely upon a Rudyard Kipling story, this action-adventure takes place in India and stars Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Pay close attention to the actor in the title role. He went on to play Dr. Zorba in the old *Ben Casey* TV series and the criminal mastermind in *The Asphalt Jungle*.

The Nostalgia Merchant is a division of Media Home Entertainment and offers only a limited number of titles, but the quality is high.

Sometimes excellent movies slip in and out of the theaters virtually unnoticed. Then commercial television either destroys their mood or chops them up so badly they can't be enjoyed. Videocassettes give us a second chance at them. For Example:



HONOR AMONG THIEVES

(Monterey Home Video; 1982; 93 min.; rated R) packs a lot of entertainment into an hour and a half. Charles Bronson is an American mercenary who meets a French doctor when they are both returning from Algeria. Bronson wants the doctor (Alain Delon) to join him for an adventure in Africa, but the doctor declines. Bronson keeps an eye on the doctor, wondering what he has in the works that can be better than Bronson's offer. The doctor takes a job with a large company and Bronson drops in

on him unannounced only to find himself locked inside with Delon for the weekend. The doctor plans to use the time to open the company vault and return some stolen securities. Bronson soon has reasons of his own for wanting to get the vault open. They cooperate because they have no choice, but when they find they are pawns in someone else's game of murder and deceit, a strong bond is formed between them. It is one of Bronson's best films and it looks just fine on a small screen.

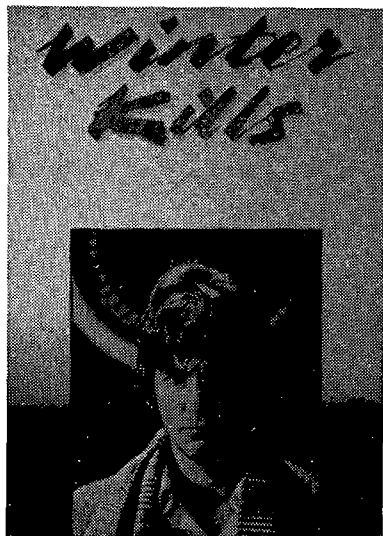
People often complain that a movie isn't as good on their television as it was in the theaters. This is certainly true for some outdoor epics. Sweeping panoramas don't compress very well. But there are probably many more films that are greatly improved on video. The small flaws associated with low production values tend to disappear and so does their distraction. Here are some films that are more enjoyable on videocassette than they were in the theaters:

KILL CASTRO (Monterey Home Video; 1980; 90 min.; rated R) stars Stuart Whitman, certainly one of our more underrated actors, and Robert Vaughn who will be remembered from *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* What appears to be a plot to kill Castro turns

out to be much more and the entire film is far better than the title might indicate.



HIGH VELOCITY (Media Home Entertainment; 1979; 106 min.; rated PG) stars Ben Gazzara and Paul Winfield as a pair of mercenaries hired to rescue a businessman kidnapped by terrorists. Besides the expected difficulties, they have double-dealing to contend with. The ending is far from satisfying, but totally believable, perhaps even inevitable. And the reproduction is fine.



WINTER KILLS (Embassy Home Entertainment; 1979; 97 min.) was almost too confusing to watch in its theatrical release. It was based upon a Richard (*The Manchurian Candidate*) Condon book about an assassination conspiracy and that explains the intricate plot. The film was re-edited in 1983 and home viewers now reap the benefit. The all-star cast includes Jeff Bridges, John Huston, Tony Perkins, Sterling Hayden, Eli Wallach, Dorothy Malone, and Richard Boone.

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ABOUT

OTHER

The French Botch One

The world of espionage, just like any other field of human endeavor, is subject to Murphy's Law—that's the one, remember, which says, "Whatever can go wrong, will."

Consider now the case of the General Directorate for External Security, France's CIA. Apparently operating on top-level orders, it was given a relatively simple assignment: make sure that Greenpeace, the activist ecology organization, does nothing to disrupt an important series of French open-air nuclear tests in the Pacific.

To that end, the DGSE dispatched two of its agents to Auckland, New Zealand, where a converted merchant ship named "Rainbow Warrior" lay berthed. Now, that ship was of some concern to the French, who were aware that Greenpeace activists planned to sail the ship directly into the nuclear test zone and abort the planned tests. The task, therefore, appeared *tres facile*, as the French like to say: figure out a way to ensure that the ship would not leave port.

On the face of it, there are at

least a dozen ways to accomplish that end—and at the same time conceal any involvement by the French intelligence agency—while there is one wrong way. The French chose the wrong way.

First, they decided to blow a hole in the bottom of the ship, thus rendering it unseaworthy. This was not an especially bright solution to the problem, since underwater explosions tend to attract attention in crowded sea-ports. At any rate, the bomb went off on schedule one night. But the two French agents who planted the bomb included too much dynamite, and the resulting explosion not only woke up everybody for miles around, it also killed one person on board (the agents' reconnaissance somehow failed to spot him).

Worse, the two agents left a trail a mile wide. Police investigating the blast discovered a French-made inflatable boat near the site, along with two oxygen bottles that had French markings. Quickly, the police found two French-speaking persons who had been in the area recently. They identified themselves as Alain

THINGS...

by Ernest Volkman

Jacques Turenge and his wife Sophie Claire Turenge, and insisted they were merely tourists who knew nothing about any bomb explosion. That cover story rapidly fell apart when police discovered that Mrs. Turenge's real name was Dominique Prieur. (They're still trying to figure out the real name of "Monsieur Turenge.")

When the dust settled, it turned out that Mademoiselle Prieur was a DGSE agent, a circumstance that has thrown French politics into turmoil. There are demands for a major investigation of this "French Watergate," as some opposition politicians call it, and there is no doubt that heads will roll at DGSE. Meanwhile, all concerned wonder: how could the operation have gone so wrong? *Le Loi de Murphy*, that's how.

Meanwhile, at the FBI...

While Moscow and Washington argue about particles of yellow dust, there is a more private battle underway, a nasty little war about two large embassy buildings. In each case, espionage is really what the fight is all about.

Here's what's happening: the

Russians are trying to move their Washington embassy to larger quarters. Unfortunately, as FBI officials pointed out, the new site occupies the highest point in the District of Columbia, which means that electronic eavesdropping equipment at the embassy will have a clear field to intercept anything electronic for many miles around.

At the same time, the Americans in Moscow are in the process of moving to larger quarters. However, the new building seems not only to be taking an inordinate amount of time to finish, but also appears to be shrouded in secrecy by the Russian construction crews. It is assumed, probably with good cause, that the "delays" are caused by the KGB, which is busy honeycombing the building with every piece of surveillance equipment imaginable.

Since both embassy buildings hinge on reciprocating agreements, it may be quite some time before both sides reach some kind of final arrangement under which they can simultaneously open. The plain fact is that both the Russians and Americans are deeply

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suspicious of each other's respective embassies, since each side regards the other's embassy building as the chief espionage center.

And just to make the point, the FBI has prevailed upon the District of Columbia authorities to order new required license plates for diplomatic vehicles. The plates are specially coded, so that at a glance, FBI agents can tell from which embassy the vehicle originated. Of special interest are the plates that instantly identify any vehicles coming from the Soviet embassy. Why would the FBI want to do that?

"So we can follow them around more easily," one FBI official explained, with refreshing candor.

The Case of the Yellow Dust

In what seems, retrospectively, one of the oddest incidents in the long history of the Washington-Moscow espionage wars, a State Department undersecretary interrupted a routine briefing to announce that the United States was formally protesting the Soviet KGB's habit of dusting Americans at the U.S. embassy in Moscow with a toxic tracing powder.

It all seemed like something out of grade B fiction: according to the Americans, the KGB had contrived to mark all Americans working at the embassy with an invisible dust that turns yellow when subjected to chemical analysis. The yellow dust enabled the KGB to efficiently track Americans—and,

more significantly, any Russians they came into contact with.

The Russians promptly denied it, and a briefing for U.S. embassy workers and their families, sponsored by the State Department, raised more questions than it answered.

While the dust charges make for sensational headlines, there is cause to wonder. For one thing, it is a fact of life that all Americans who work in Moscow are the subjects of pervasive KGB surveillance. That surveillance is facilitated by heavy restrictions against ordinary Russian citizens, who are strictly enjoined from any contact with Americans.

Secondly, American personnel live in a special guarded compound, and no Russian may enter without undergoing strict checks by police and KGB agents. Then, too, cars driven by Americans carry special license plates and other identifying marks that make KGB surveillance a snap. Moreover, Americans cannot travel outside the city of Moscow without special government permission. On top of that, the embassy building, itself, and the American living quarters, are known to be fairly alive with microphones.

All of which raises the question: with such pervasive surveillance, why would the KGB find it necessary to sprinkle the Americans with Tinkerbell-type dust? What would that tell them that they don't already know?



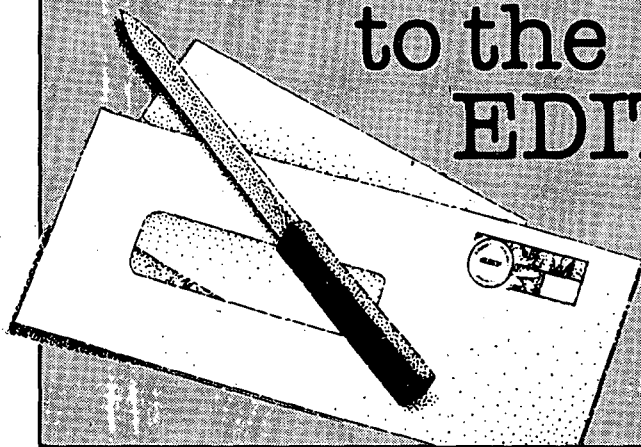
The Little Brothers of the Poor-Friends of the Elderly is a national non-profit organization which establishes itself in local communities to extend friendship and personalized service to lonely and isolated elderly people. By visiting, socializing and offering programs which promote independent living, they strive to meet the emotional as well as the physical needs of our elderly friends.

"Flowers before bread" is their motto — their belief is that all human beings, especially elderly people, should be treated with respect. They believe that the elderly are entitled to some of the "luxuries" of life even if they cannot afford them themselves. To that end, they provide some expensive items in their food packages: fresh flowers for a birthday or on the table at a party, a glass of champagne at Christmas, and good dinners rather than a soup line when they receive their guests.

Tax deductible contributions
can be sent to:

LITTLE BROTHERS
FRIENDS OF THE ELDERLY
1658 W. Belmont Avenue
Chicago, IL 60657

LETTERS to the EDITOR



Dear Editor:

I have read your first three issues of **ESPIONAGE** to find the stories and articles superior to most similar magazines. However, I do take exception to your cover artist and his cover pictures. He may know how to draw people but he sure doesn't know anything about firearms (which is a prime essential for any espionage agent).

On the December issue cover, the man grasping the automatic is not even holding the grip. Moreover, the trigger guard looks like it is four inches long. On the February issue cover, the slide on the auto would never work with the girl carved into the gun. On the May issue, it really gets bad. The revolver held by the woman

has a cylinder with .22 caliber chambers bored in it and the barrel looks like about .50 caliber.

I bypass the cover and read the interesting, excellent stories inside. However, if I were to buy the magazine from the newsstand solely from the cover picture, I probably would pass it by as not being up to standard.

Thank you for an excellent magazine anyway.

Frank Thekan
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Thanks for the compliments and the criticisms. I wish I could ease your mind and tell you that future covers of ESPIONAGE would have correct arms display (if they display arms at all) but I

can't. Our artists try for as much authenticity as their creativity allows but I don't think there's a one who knows anything about guns. Probably none of them own a gun or have had much of anything to do with them. Do, please, overlook that failing and continue to enjoy the rest of what we have to offer.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed is my check for \$15.00. Please enter my subscription to **ESPIONAGE** Magazine. I have just purchased the May edition of your magazine, my first, and was really pleased with it. I think you have a winner. If future editions are as good as this one, I think you are going to give Hitchcock and Ellery Queen, both of which I get, a run for the money.

N.J. Schroeffer
Stratford, Wisconsin

Thanks for the kind words. Hitchcock and Queen are good magazines but, to be honest, we like ours the best! Glad you seem to like it a lot as well.

Dear Ms. Lewis:

...Turning to the non-fiction articles (August 1985), I found Roger Beaumont's article on General Charles Willoughby to be quite interesting, even if it is badly written in spots. I hope that Professor

Beaumont turns his attention to intelligence-gathering in other armed conflicts, such as Vietnam. Also, Richard Walton's latest "On File..." effort is very fascinating though he makes no firm conclusion as to the identity of Berridge's killer. As such, his story loses some of its dramatic effect. Personally, I believe the cyanide was contained in the toothpaste tube. If the poison were contained in the bag of sugar, it would certainly attract the guards' attention during their examination of Henley's parcel.

The Ernest Volkman interview comes to print at a remarkably opportune time, which gives his comments considerably more weight. As I write this letter, a great deal of controversy exists over security clearance in the wake of the Walker spy case. The lax regulations pertaining to the granting of security clearances are a consequence of the fragmentation of which he speaks. Volkman's comments in this regard are almost prophetic and they are being echoed by other journalists, as well, such as Hugh Downs of ABC News.

In sum, **ESPIONAGE** has performed a great public service in drawing attention to Volkman's views and books, which serve to illuminate a problem in American foreign policy that deserves the attention of all Americans. The interview is, finally, the best non-fiction piece in this issue, because

it is not only thought-provoking but contains only constructive criticism which seeks to heal and build.

David Miller
Bethel Park, PA

I'm sure Mr. Volkman will be delighted to read your letter. Frankly, from the responses I've seen to his articles and this interview, he does exactly what he says: intentionally or otherwise, he stirs up controversy. That he stirs people to agree or disagree with him to the extent they feel it important to write to us about his material, well, that's a delight to him and very exciting to us. Thanks for taking the time to comment.

Dear Sir:

I have just purchased the latest **ESPIONAGE** magazine, Volume 1, Book 4. I have the three previous issues on hand. I enjoy this magazine but, in your book #4, I see you are running a serial story. This I do not enjoy.

There are two science fiction magazines who do this and for the past ten years, I would not touch them with a ten foot pole — and they are on the newsstand every month.

Is this to ensure a continuous readership? I did not think that the caliber of this magazine required such gimmicks.

If this is the trend that you will

pursue, then this reader will be one you will lose.

N. Sloriosky
Saskatoon, Canada

*There are several reasons why a publication might serialize a story; the one you mention above is no doubt one of them, although it is not our reason. We decided to begin serializations when we realized that we had to turn away perfectly good — perhaps more than good — manuscripts because they were far too long for the design of our magazine. By dividing these stories in two, we are open to purchasing that which we like **regardless of its length**. And this new policy has paid off, as you will note when you read our two-parters.*

We hope we don't lose you as a reader, because our magazine is geared to people like you who care about the publications they purchase...who take them personally. Why not give us the chance to provide you with longer stories which often contain the detail and color that is frequently omitted in a short story of typical length. We believe that once you've decided to "hang in there with us" you'll be happy.

Dear Sirs:

I am thrilled to see a magazine specializing in this genre. While there have been many popular fiction and fact books about the in-

telligence field, there has been a paucity of outlets for shorter works. Your publication fills this void.

The non-fiction which has appeared elsewhere has, for the most part, been of the exposé variety, often biased in one direction or another and not infrequently inaccurate. You seem to have avoided these problems in the two issues I have read. While your fiction has varied from laughably poor (in a single case) to excellent (in several cases), it is its breadth and variety which I have found most surprising and delightful. You have not too narrowly defined your editorial parameters and I hope you never do.

I wish you success in this venture.

P.A. Halpine
Gaithersburg, MD

Thanks for your good wishes and for your obviously sincere comments. As editor, I am particularly pleased that you like the diversity of the stories we present...it is one of the toughest jobs I have and it's nice to have it noticed!

Gentlemen:

I am reading the August 1985 issue of **ESPIONAGE**. I enjoy the balance in article selections because, as we all know, use of espionage agents has survived through the passage of the ages.

Technology has only raised the espionage craft to a higher level of development.

I'd like to present you with some of my views on the August issue: "The Flawed Soothsayer: Willoughby, General MacArthur's G2" — First, General Willoughby did not function in a vacuum. His decisions while MacArthur's G2 were based on assessments made by his subordinate division, corps, and interservice intelligence estimates. From literally hundreds of reports, when analyzed and evaluated, comes intelligence. So Willoughby's decisions were based on his best estimate based on information his office received from a wide variety of sources during WWII and Korea (some of it was obviously wrong). Willoughby's error did not make him a disloyal American and, of course, MacArthur *did not* have to accept Willoughby's recommendations. Of course, the view from hindsight is usually wonderfully revealing, more so than one made under daily wartime pressures and the tenor of the times.

Secondly, Ernest Volkman's comments on the American intelligence community is an *outside* view. I'm not saying that he does not know much about the U.S. intelligence community but I disagree with his general downgrading of our intelligence agencies. We have the best and most highly respected intelligence organization in the world today.

Espionage 23

Ask the Soviets and their minions. Although they officially may downgrade our efforts, they are certainly afraid of the operational efforts of not only ours but England's, Israel's, and West Germany's services as well. Of course, successful operations go unheralded and failures are overemphasized, and there is probably where Mr. Volkman comes in.

Finally, in the article, "Rabbi of Berlin," by Mel Waldman, I think possibly the time frame is incorrect. If my history is correct, in November 1943, France was still occupied by the German army. Paris was not liberated until August 1944. Perhaps instead of November 15, 1943, it should be November 15, 1944?

Michael S. Evancevich
Ft. Belvoir, VA

First, a general apology to you and other letter writers when (and if) we print your name incorrectly. We are fairly good at deciphering handwriting but not at all perfect!

One of the best things about publishing this magazine is the presentation of materials that generate comment in our letter column. It means that you and our other readers are sincerely and personally involved, and no editor or publisher could ask for more. We will, no doubt, print errors in our stories from time to time. It can't be helped: one person cannot be an expert on all

things and certainly there isn't time enough to check every detail in every story that we purchase for publication. We ask that you indulge us our occasional error and indulge yourself in the general reading pleasure our magazine seeks to provide.

Dear Editor,

While poring through a used bookstore here in Toronto, I came across your February issue. I found

I am familiar with Ernest Volkman's work, being a bit of an espionage buff in addition to my work-related reading as a researcher. His Penthouse article on the *White Hand* sticks in my memory, and is in fact part of the inspiration for some fictional writing which I plan to do.

Michael Moralis
Ontario, Canada

Dear Editor,

Your magazine is the best magazine of its type that I have read. I have read the February, May and the August edition and the material in each issue is fresh and exciting to read. Ever since the February issue I have looked forward to the next issue to read more of the thrilling and suspense filled stories as well as the interviews and "did you know's." Keep up the good work.

Steve Dobrenen
Whittier, CA

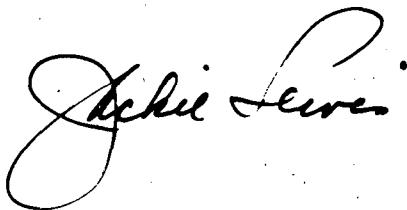
Publisher's Page

Now that we've completed our first year of publishing, you'll pardon us if our pride shows a little. While we began ESPIONAGE Magazine with confidence and high hopes, we also recognized that beginning any new magazine is an iffy proposition, loaded with pitfalls and problems and God-knows-what-all unforeseeable disasters. Well, we've had our share of *everything*. And here we still are.

We've seen ESPIONAGE change in just these few issues, and are pleased that you've noted and liked the changes. We expect there will be more changes to come... and we're excited by what they might be. Watching a magazine grow and mature—even though we're responsible for that maturity—is a little like watching a child in its development: pride, excitement, trepidation and concern are commingled to form a new entity for which we have no single-word description. Is there a single word that describes an ongoing case of "butterflies in the stomach?"

We're grateful that you have taken a chance on us, that you've purchased our magazine and liked it, and we're grateful that so many very fine writers have shared their work with us, too, so that we are able to bring you short stories loaded with power, suspense, excitement, emotion, and pleasure. We look forward to many many more issues of the same.

Thank you. We like publishing ESPIONAGE Magazine. We couldn't do it without you.

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "Jackie Levin". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large loop at the end of the last name.

THE WAR

WHICH

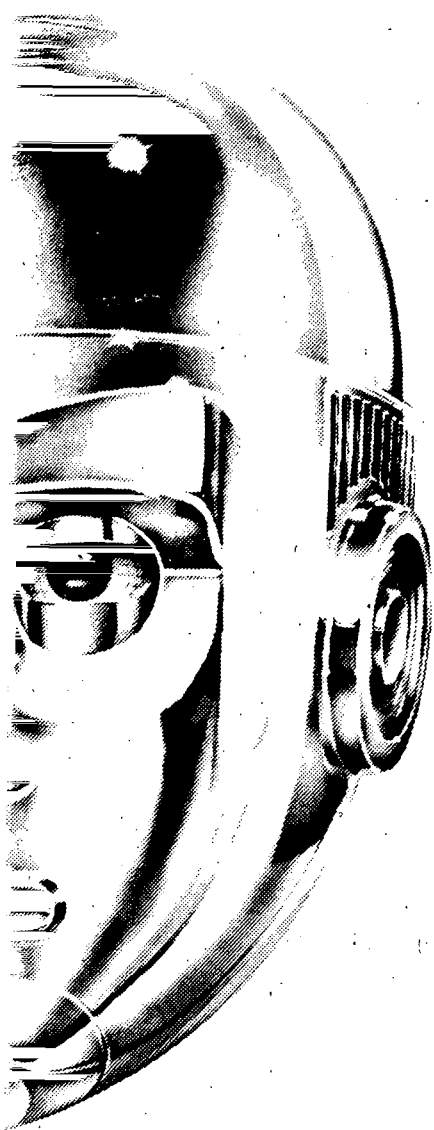
NEVER

ENDS

A Basic Espionage Overview

by Guy Graybill





The Biblical book of Joshua relates an account of the early Hebrews going into the land of Canaan. It tells how Joshua sent two men to the Canaanite town of Jericho to "spy secretly." The king of Jericho learned of the two spys, but a woman named Rahab, a prostitute, hid them on the roof of her house. The spies escaped, and the attack was later made on Jericho. When the town was captured, the Hebrew tribesmen "utterly destroyed all that was in the city, both man and woman, young and old . . . with the edge of the sword." Joshua also had the city burned and he put a curse on the land. Only Rahab and her family were spared.

Although the account of the destruction of Jericho is best remembered for the unique capture of the city (the raising of a great noise by the Hebrews, causing the walls to crumble), it is also interesting for its mention of spying. Rahab and her two guests were involved in an early incident of espionage.

Spying is likely as old an activity as warring. Really organized spy systems, however, didn't appear until the 17th Century. In the 1650s, during a period when England had no king, Oliver Cromwell, the "Lord Protector"

of the country, had a very efficient secret police system (internal espionage). In France, a similar system of spying was used by Cardinal Richelieu, the powerful advisor to King Louis XIII. In Prussia, King Frederick II (called "The Great") stated: "Marshal de Soubise is always followed by a hundred cooks; I am always preceded by a hundred spies."

The French emperor, Napoleon I, had a spy service in which we find one of the first "double agents." A spy named Schulmeister became famous as a French spy who pretended to be an Austrian spy, causing the Austrians to make military mistakes, their judgments based on false information supplied by Schulmeister.

Throughout the 1800s, espionage became a normal part of European government work. For example, in 1870—the year Prussia and France went to war—there were an estimated 30,000 German spies in France alone!

Europe was not alone in its use of espionage, of course. Japan had a highly developed system, especially valuable to them during their war with Russia (1904-5), and the United States and several other countries of the Western Hemisphere developed early espionage networks, too, helpful particularly during the worldwide increase

in espionage activity of World War I.

Between the two World Wars, spying was intensified rather than reduced, so that when World War II broke out, the warring nations had especially active spy networks. There were several notable espionage developments during World War II. The United States broke the Japanese code early in the war, and effectively used their secrets, until Japan learned of the compromise and changed their system. And Japan had a special agent spying on the U.S. naval base at Pearl Harbor, who was supplying Japanese military officials with the data needed to make their surprise attack successful on December 7, 1941. Although the Germans also had a good intelligence-gathering system, history tells us their leader, Hitler, didn't use it effectively.

The British probably had the best espionage successes of the war. In one instance, they took the body of a man who had died of pneumonia, put fake military information on him, made it appear that the man had drowned, and let the body wash ashore off the coast of Spain. The false information told of an attack being planned for the island of Sardinia. The Germans prepared for the attack and were off-guard when the real attack successfully oc-

curred in Sicily!

The British also had almost every German spy in England working for them!

The main British spy success, however, was part luck and part skill: making a copy of the German encoding machine and putting it to use. Getting the information about the machine—Ultra—was sheer luck; a Polish worker defected to England and revealed its details. Use of the machine required the skill to decipher the German code, supposedly unbreakable. As a result of their work with Ultra, the British—and their American allies—decoded many critical German messages throughout the war... without the Germans ever being suspicious.

The British didn't tell anyone about their having broken and used Ultra until nearly twenty years after the war ended. Their accomplishment is now thought to be the "greatest intelligence triumph the world has ever known!"

Espionage now seems to have become the international pastime. Like disease, it thrives in war-time or in peace-time. Each nation feels that it *must* have spies, because the other nations have them; so the use of spying has escalated since World War II ended. Several national systems stand out: the STB of

Czechoslovakia, the DGI of Cuba; Lebanon's *Second Bureau*, and Britain's DI-6. One agency, whose name is rarely seen in print, is considered to be the best spy network in the world: *Mossad*, the relatively small network of Israel. While many nations now have elaborate spy systems, the bulk of international publicity seems to go to two of the largest networks: CIA and KGB.

The Central Intelligence Agency is the main, external intelligence-gathering outfit of the United States. Its counterpart in Soviet Russia is the KGB. Not only are these two among the biggest systems ever created, they are also the world's main espionage rivals. The prime function of each appears to be to weaken its rival. Their methods are myriad: they include blackmail, bribery, dishonesty, sexual seduction, flattery, appeals to idealism, disinformation, double agents, special scientific apparatuses, and so on.

Some espionage episodes end in failure and embarrassment. In 1969, the KGB stumbled over its own feet when it tried to bribe an honest Lebanese officer into stealing a French-built Mirage jet fighter from the Lebanese Air Force. In 1981, it was revealed that the CIA spent millions of dollars trying to get in-

formation on a new Russian gun, while the British got the same information at a very low price, and the French got it free! The U.S. also lost thousands of sensitive documents when Iranian militants seized the U.S. embassy in Teheran in 1979. In late 1981, while the Soviet Union was telling the world that the Scandinavian area should be kept free of nuclear weapons, one of its own spy subs got stranded on some rocks while trying to spy on Swedish naval headquarters, and the Swedes learned that the Soviets had nuclear-tipped torpedoes on the intruder sub!

Many incidents end in tragedy. In West Germany, where the KGB has had many successes, they had one of their East German male agents marry a West German government secretary. During the 1960s, with her help, the KGB stole nearly a thousand secret and top-secret documents. When she was arrested by the West German government, she was told why her husband had married her. She hanged herself.

An American sergeant, angry with the U.S. Army, sought out the KGB and offered to work for them. He eventually—during the 1950s and 1960s—passed along information on U.S. missile sites as well as top

secrets of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO). He did considerable damage to the U.S. security system. When he was finally arrested and put in a federal prison (Lewisburg, PA), he was visited by his grown son, a veteran of the fighting in Viet Nam. When the traitor-sergeant greeted his son, the latter pulled a knife and stabbed his father to death!

Both the CIA and the KGB have made efforts to overthrow or to change what they considered to be unfriendly governments. The U.S. CIA, in 1961, trained and equipped exiles from communist Cuba in an effort to overthrow the communist government of Fidel Castro. The tiny CIA-backed force landed on the Cuban "Bay of Pigs," but were soon discovered, and the attempted overthrow ended in failure. In Mexico, in 1971, a dedicated rebel group known as the Movimiento de Accion Revolucionaria (MAR) planned to initiate intensive guerrilla activity. Shortly before it began, the Mexican government learned of the plot and arrested the leader of MAR. Where had MAR been born? Not in Mexico, but in Moscow, with training in North Korea. As the CIA and the KGB continue to try to outdo each other in various parts of the globe, one is

reminded that, in 1959, Khrushchev told the then-director of the American CIA, "We should buy our intelligence data together and save money. We'd have to pay the same people only once!"

While the KGB is recognized as having more working agents than anyone, the CIA has far out-stripped the KGB in the area of technical espionage. Both have equipment in common, like specialized photographic and listening devices, but the United States developed the incredible high-altitude U-2 spy plane, since replaced by the SR71, a supersonic aircraft that can photograph ground objects from 80,000 foot altitudes. The U.S. also has microphones that can be planted in the seabed and used to identify passing submarines, including the direction in which they are traveling.

Working in many directions,

the Soviet Union, in 1960, announced plans for a new school, the *Patrice Lumumba University*, in Moscow. Its stated purpose was to take students from Africa, Asia and Latin America, and train them so they could return home and carry out "pro-Soviet activities." KGB agents are among the teachers and administrators.

The KGB has had many agents "defect" to the West and several western agents have defected to the Soviets. Captured spies get exchanged, and some spies or suspected spies are simply expelled from the country in which they are spying (Britain probably holds the record, throwing out 105 Russians in one action). Each day new plots are concocted, new agents deployed, and mountains of "intelligence" collected. The gathered data is far more than humans can digest, but that's espionage.



"For my next number, I would like to sing in code!"

EARLY



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WARNING

by Michael Gilbert

"The trouble with Intelligence work nowadays," said Mr. Calder, "is that it has become obsessed with gadgets. In the old days, an operator who was told to obtain some piece of information went to the most likely source and, by the appropriate expenditure of cash or cunning — "

"Force or fraud," agreed Mr. Behrens sleepily.

"Exactly. He brought home the bacon. But how does your modern operator work? He sits on his backside all day, in a huge room — " Mr. Calder demonstrated the size of the room by spreading his arms and knocked a tobacco jar off the table. Fortunately it fell on top of Rasselas, who was asleep on the floor beside his chair. Rasselas looked reproachful. Mr. Calder replaced the jar.

"A huge room, crammed with machines. Screens linked to radar trackers and listening posts, wireless sets in touch with patrolling spy planes and submarines, and bank upon bank of computers to digest and analyse and classify the unceasing flow of incoming information, most of it pointless — "

"Talking of banks," said Mr. Behrens who was listening to one word in ten of what Mr. Calder was saying, "I had a call from Fortescue this morning. He wants to see me tomorrow."

one word in ten of what Mr. Calder was saying, "I had a call from Fortescue this morning. He wants to see me tomorrow."

"Both of us?"

"No. Just me."

"Good. Rasselas and I have other plans for tomorrow."

The great dog thumped his tail in agreement. The July weather was much too fine to make the thought of London attractive.

"He said that it was a problem which called for the intellectual outlook."

"It's probably a new and even more complicated computer," said Mr. Calder.

Mr. Fortescue received Mr. Behrens in his sanctum, invited him to be seated, and said, "A fortnight ago, the Home Secretary got a letter from Professor Wilfred Pitt-Hammersley of St. Ambrose College, Cambridge. It stated that Sir Boris Wykes is not Sir Boris Wykes at all, but an East German spy called Stefan Thugutt."

When Mr. Behrens had absorbed this extraordinary announcement, he said, "I suppose the Home Secretary does get a lot of letters from cranks and maniacs."

"Would you describe Pitt-Hammersley as a crank or a maniac?"

"It's at least ten years since I met him. We worked together on the Jansen Enquiry. I thought he was a little eccentric, but certainly not crazy. He must be getting on now — "

"Seventy-four next April. It is true that when senescence sets in at one of our great Universities, it is apt to be overlooked."

"You mean that a lot of the dons are a bit off-beat, so one more doesn't stick out?"

"Do you know Sir Boris?"

"I know of him, of course. He's the Government whizz-kid in charge of Early Warning System."

"Wykes," said Mr. Fortescue, "is not a kid. He was born in 1927 and is now forty-three years old. He is one of the most eminent experts in the country in the fields of radar and applied electronics. At present he is in charge, under the Chiefs of Staff Air Defence Committee, of the chain of Early Warning Stations in East Anglia which we operate in conjunction with the Americans."

"Then I can understand the alarm and despondency if there did happen to be any truth in Pitt-Hammersley's statement. But there isn't, is there? I mean, Wykes must have been doubly vetted before he was allowed anywhere near such a vital slice of our defences."

"Trebley. Once in the normal way, when he came to this country from Poland. His real name, by the way, is Wycech. He changed it to Wykes when he was naturalized in 1952. He was positively vetted when he came into the Government service three years later and rechecked under the special procedure when he started working in Early Warning in 1960."

"Special procedure? That means that someone actually went to Poland and talked to relatives and friends?"

"Dick Raphael did it. It was one of the last jobs he did for us. He went to Sweden and Poland."

"Sweden?"

"Wycech's father was a Polish Army officer. He was one of the victims of the massacre at Katyn. Boris was sixteen at the time. His mother smuggled him away to Sweden. He spent the rest of the war working in the Nor-Jensen factory. The boy showed promise, even at that early age, as an engineer and a scientist. As soon as the war was over, he went back to Poland to look for his family which consisted, as he thought, of mother, two older brothers and two nephews. It seems they were in Warsaw at the time of the abortive Bor-Komarowski rising. The four boys were shot by the Germans. The mother died of disease or malnutrition in a camp soon afterwards. Boris' only surviving relative was in England. Squadron-Leader Andreas Wycech, holder of the Polish Order of Merit and the British DSO and DEF."

"I thought the name rang a bell," said Mr. Behrens. "Didn't he lead the low-level raid on St. Nazaire?"

"He was a very gallant man," said Mr. Fortescue. "He was shot down in the last months of the war, in Italy. When young Boris found he had no family left in Poland, and made up his mind to come to England — that was at the end of 1946 — he was well received on account of his uncle's services to this country. He was awarded a visiting studentship at Oxford and produced a thesis on electronic detection which impressed everyone so much with its practical possibilities that it was at once put on the Restricted Index. The rest of

Boris' history is public knowledge. Apart from a two-year attachment at Columbia, he has never been out of England since. Certainly he has never shown any desire to revisit Poland."

So far, Mr. Fortescue had been speaking without reference to his papers. Now he cast an eye down on the dossier in front of him.

"What else? He's a bachelor. He lives in a converted farmhouse near Thetford, which is convenient for his work. His only close friends are intellectuals and scientists. His hobbies are punting and canoeing. He has no known vices, except hard work."

"In fact," said Mr. Behrens, "his life is an open book for all to read. And has been for a quarter of a century. Can anyone be taking this seriously?"

"We thought it right to inform the Americans. They have assigned one of their men to the job, Ebenezer Thom, who happens, fortunately, to be an expert in linguistics."

"How on earth does linguistics come into it?"

"Pitt-Hammersley is also a linguistics man. He holds the Dexter Chair of English Language and Literature and has managed to combine it with a study of the modern science of lingual interpretation."

"By computer?"

"Using a computer, certainly. Why?"

"Just a thought," said Mr. Behrens. "Please go on."

"In 1938, Pitt-Hammersley was a tutor at St. Ambrose, and this East German boy, Stefan Thugutt, studied under him. Pitt-Hammersley was so impressed by the quality of his work that he kept copies of everything Stefan wrote. The other day, he happened to be reading a collection of the scientific papers of Sir Boris Wykes, and says that he was immediately struck by certain stylistic and constructional similarities between them and the work of young Stefan. He submitted both sets of documents to a full computerized analysis, and decided that without any doubt they came from the same hand."

"Although one lot of papers was written more than thirty years before the other."

"Your basic linguistic periphrases are, I understand, like your finger-prints. Once formed, they don't change with age."

"Didn't I read somewhere the other day that these lin-

guistic boys had decided that Shakespeare didn't write half his own plays?"

"There are cranks at work in every scientific discipline," said Mr. Fortescue. "I have mentioned your name to the Warden, Dr. Lovell. He is very willing to lodge you at the college. Being vacation time, there will not be many dons or students in residence. Professor Thom is there already. He will give you any necessary technical help. I understand, by the way, that he likes to be addressed as Ben."

Mr. Behrens was as nearly speechless as he had ever found himself in his dealings with Mr. Fortescue. He said, "You want me to go and stay at St. Ambrose's so that I can decide whether one of the senior dons is cuckoo?"

"That is, roughly, the position," agreed Mr. Fortescue blandly. "It is not, of course, the only step we are taking in the matter. I intend to send one of our men to Sweden and Poland to recheck Raphael's work."

"Send Calder," said Mr. Behrens. "He was telling me only yesterday that in *real* intelligence work legs were more useful than computers."

Dinner at the High Table had been agreeable, and six of them were now gathered companionably in the Warden's room cracking walnuts and sampling his port and madeira. On the Warden's right sat the massive Mrs. Hebrang, Professor of Far Eastern Languages; on his left Ebenezer Thom, a solemn Bostonian. On Mr. Behrens' right was the stooping, grey-haired figure of Professor Pitt-Hammersley, and opposite him Michael Mitos, bald and cheerful and understood to specialise in Eastern European languages.

The conversation, so far, had not been as alarming as Mr. Behrens had feared. It had dealt with the ballistics of fast bowling, the Government commission on monopolies, the comparative power of Trade Unions in England and America, on which Ben Thom had had some enlightening comments to make, and on fishing.

Michael Mitos was talking about fishing now. He said, "It has been ruined by your English upper classes with their passion for exercise. Fishing is intended by nature to be a static pursuit. You visualise the heron at the pool, motionless as the branch of an old tree? Only the English could

have turned it into a game, where you race up and down the stream, hurling in a fly with the action of an over-arm bowler—"

"You mean that you fish with bait?" said the Warden. He sounded slightly horrified.

"Certainly, Warden. Sometimes a worm. Sometimes a piece of fat bacon. I sit on the landing stage at the foot of my garden. I watch the river flowing by. I think long thoughts about life. Occasionally a fish attaches itself to my hook. I reel it in, cook it and eat it."

"I agree," said Mrs. Hebrang, "that fishing bores with their pet flies are almost as bad as golf bores with their pet clubs, but that is not a criticism of the sport. It is a criticism of their own limited mentality."

Mr. Behrens had been devoting only half of his mind to the conversation. The other half was trying to work out how soon he could organise a private talk with Pitt-Hammersley without it appearing too obvious to the others. He was spared the trouble. As he rose to go Pitt-Hammersley said, "We were talking about government commissions. You remember that affair we were engaged in together, Behrens?"

"The Jansen Enquiry?"

"Yes. I always wondered if anyone took any steps to implement our recommendations."

"In a number of details only, I believe."

"Perhaps you could join me in my room for a night-cap. I wouldn't want to bore everyone with such a specialised topic. Right? Come along then."

Pitt-Hammersley led the way to his room, lit the gas fire, emptied a chair by escalading a pile of books which were on it onto the floor, drew up a second chair and invited his guest to be seated. Then he said, "Of course, you don't want to talk about Jansen. What a silly man he was! You want to talk about my letter."

"Then the Warden has told you why I'm here?"

"No. But you're more famous than you think you are. I had dinner not long ago at the Dons-in-London, and Sands-Douglas pointed you out to me. I suppose the Home Secretary has had you sent down to see if I'm mad." Pitt-Hammersley emitted a cackle. "I've known Willie since he was up here himself. That was when he came back from the war. I've never had a high opinion of his mental powers, but

I suppose a thick skin is more use in politics than a good brain. Right?"

Mr. Behrens said, "I should imagine that a certain mental agility is necessary if you are to survive in politics." He was glad that he was spared having to deal with Pitt-Hammersley's opening gambit. "Perhaps our best starting point would be if you could tell me something about Thugutt."

"Stefan, yes. For a young man he had an extraordinarily alert intelligence. I would suggest a subject. Not necessarily a scientific subject. He would write a paper on it. Anything I cared to suggest. It became almost a game between us. Chess? Claret? Incest? Breakfast foods? It was a good practice for his English, which was remarkably good already; although there were occasional Teutonic modes of thought which gave him away. You remember how dear old Quiller-Couch used to impress on his students the desirability of using Anglo-Saxon words in preference to their Romance equivalents. With Stefan it was the other way round. The hard, middle-German derivatives were natural to him. He felt he had to introduce occasional French stocks to decorate his prose. Like a bachelor buying a bunch of flowers to decorate his study, and not knowing quite how to arrange them."

"And it was these quirks of style which you identified in the writings of Sir Boris Wykes?"

"Not that alone. Good heavens, no! My dear boy, linguistics isn't guess-work. It's a science."

"Most science is guess-work," said Mr. Behrens

Pitt-Hammersley cocked his head on one side like an old turkey, and then said, "That is either a very sensible or a very stupid remark. Scientific discovery *starts* as guess-work. The rest of it is a series of co-ordinated efforts to limit alternative explanations for an observed phenomenon. When they have all been eliminated you have established a sequence of cause and effect."

Mr. Behrens was saved from having to answer this by the gas fire, which gave a soft 'pop' and went out. Pitt-Hammersley got to his feet, in the three or four distinct movements into which an old man divides a simple physical effort, turned the fire off, fed a coin into the meter and relit the fire.

"A sequence of cause and effect," said Mr. Behrens. "No money. No gas. No gas, no fire."

"Ah! but have you eliminated all the alternatives? There might have been air in the pipe. Eh? It happens sometimes. But in this case, I fancy you were right."

"You were saying that there are other similarities. Enough of them to establish a scientific correlation?"

"Enough of them to establish a strong *presumption*. A marked similarity of vocabulary. The computer identified one hundred and twenty-five comparatively uncommon words in both samples. But more conclusive than this was the similarity of rhythms. Even an inexpert musician would not confuse the rhythms of Bach and Mozart, would they now?"

"No, but he might confuse the rhythms of Bach and someone who was trying to imitate Bach."

"Perhaps. But people who write are unconscious of their own rhythm. There is therefore no question of deliberate imitation."

"I must accept your word for it," said Mr. Behrens. He was beginning to feel sleepy. "Tell me. What happened to Thugutt?"

"In 1939, when the authorities belatedly discovered that he was a German, he was interned. Typical bureaucratic stupidity. It turned a valuable friend into a dangerous enemy. Later he was sent over to Canada. The Canadian authorities allowed him to continue his studies at Toronto. It was there that he first seriously took up the study of electronics."

"And after the war?"

"I can tell you that he did not return here. I believe he went back to his home in East Germany and continued his studies, for a time, at Cracow University."

"A lot of East Germany," said Mr. Behrens thoughtfully, "had by that time been incorporated into Poland. If Thugutt was back there in 1946, he and Wycech could have met. I mean, the times and place roughly correspond."

Pitt-Hammersley looked at him over the top of his glasses. "So," he said, "I am not an old lunatic after all. Hey?"

"That's just what I'd like to be sure about," said Mr. Behrens. But this was to himself, when he was getting into bed.

"It was twenty-five years ago," agreed Mr. Calder. "but I sometimes find it easier to remember things twenty-five years ago than things which happened last week."

"That's true," said Olav Vinstrom. "Alas, the older we get the truer it becomes."

It had taken Mr. Calder two days of hard work to find Olav. There had been no difficulty about his initial contacts. His credentials had secured him co-operation from the General Director of the Nor-Jensen factory, but it was not the heads of the outfit that he wanted. They had been the people Dick Raphael had talked to in 1960. The General Director remembered Raphael. He had produced a photograph of Wycech and it had been compared with the photograph on his temporary identify card which had been filed away in the archives. The resemblance was reasonable enough. But it was not the photograph alone. Wycech — or Wykes, as he by then was — had furnished Raphael with a great number of names and nicknames, personal recollections and factory gossip, all of which Raphael had quickly checked.

Too quickly, perhaps, thought Mr. Calder. But in 1960, Raphael had been a sick man. He had died less than a year later. Was that why he had only spent one morning in Oslo and half a day in Warsaw? When the grey shadow is creeping up, other matters may become relatively less important.

What Mr. Calder had been looking for was a man who had worked with Wycech. Not necessarily alongside him, but in the same department. In the end, he had found Olav Vinstrom. And Vinstrom had given him the lead he wanted.

"A nice boy, Boris," he said. "A good worker. He and his friend, Tadeus Rek. Both bright, intelligent lads."

"Tadeus was a close friend?"

"Certainly. They were both exiles from Poland. Boys of about the same age. Tadeus was a Danziger. I heard that he had gone back and was working in the shipyard."

Twenty-four hours later, Mr. Calder was talking to Colonel Mauger, British Military Attaché at Warsaw, and an old friend. The colonel said, "I've made a few enquiries. Rek is certainly alive. Very much so."

"You mean that he's an important man now?"

"Not in the sense of being a prominent businessman or politician. Far from it. On the face of it, he is no more than

"Behind the table sat a black-haired, hook-nosed man in his middle forties. He radiated the sort of authority which clothes a man who has fought a hard road to the top."

a workman. The sort of position he occupies in the shipyard would be called a chief shop steward. That is to say, it would be if they had unions and shop stewards. He is referred to as a 'man of confidence.' The man the management go to if they want rows settled quietly."

"Can you tell me anything more about him?"

"A little. He and Boris Wycech both came back from Sweden early in 1946, no doubt full of patriotism and anti-Russian feeling. By that time, the old resistance fighters were split. One part of them wanted to parade the streets and drum up enthusiasm. They were easy meat for the Russians. The others went underground, and young Tadeus went with them. They had learned their lesson from Russian history. Keep your heads down and work through the workers. They grow in power every year. If ever there is a serious strike in Poland you can be sure the NSZ, as they are called, will be behind it."

"And Tadeus is one of their leaders?"

"Impossible to say. I do know that he has a personal reason to hate the Russians. In 1946, his brother was shot for his part in organising the pro-Anders revolt at Cracow University."

There had been something in Mr. Behrens' report about Cracow University. Mr. Calder groped for it, but lost it. He said, "Can you put me in touch with someone in Danzig who could arrange a meeting for me with Rek?"

"Do what I can," said Mauger. "Don't expect miracles. Telephone me the name of your hotel when you get fixed up. May take some time."

"In this particular case," said Mr. Calder, "time is not important."

It was in the evening, three days later, when Mr. Calder was debating whether he would dine out or sample the *table d'hôte* of the modest quayside hotel where he was lodging, that the car drove up and a thickset man got out and said, "Herr Kaldor?"

"I expect that's me," said Mr. Calder. "Who are you?" His own Polish was elementary, and he normally spoke in German, which he found most Poles understood.

"From Tadeus," said the man

"Splendid," said Mr. Calder. He was motioned into the front seat beside the driver. The thickset man climbed into the back beside a second man who was already sitting there. All three men wore dark, nondescript suits which might have indicated anything from a clerk to a workman in his best. All three, to Mr. Calder's practised eye, looked tough.

The car threaded its way through the tiny, cobbled streets around the waterfront, branching off finally into one so narrow that the overhanging roofs of the houses seemed to be propping each other up. The car stopped. The two men in the back got out, motioning sharply to Mr. Calder to follow. The driver, too, had climbed out and was close behind him. Mr. Calder had an uncomfortable feeling that he was a prisoner under escort.

Down a passage, through a side door, up a flight of steps and into a back room. The only window was shuttered. There was a table, with half a dozen chairs round it, but no other furniture. Behind the table sat a black-haired, hook-nose man in his middle forties. There were other men in the background, but he was the only one seated. He radiated the sort of authority which clothes a man who has fought a hard road to the top.

Mr. Calder stepped forward, held out his hand, and said "Tadeus Rek?"

The hand was ignored. The man said. "That is my name. What is your name? Your real name, I mean of course. Perhaps you have several names, just as you seem to have several languages."

"My name is Calder."

Out of the corner of his eye he noted one of the men at the far end of the room stirring. Mr. Calder had an impression of snow-white hair, a brown face and a broken nose. A distant recollection. He turned his attention to Rek.

Rek said, "You must excuse my caution. The man who contacted me on your behalf is known to be a police spy."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Calder. "He was the only contact available."

"I trust that your explanation for intruding on me will be satisfactory. The last man who forced his attentions on us, unhappily turned out also to be a police spy. What became of him in the end, Peter?"

The man who had brought Mr. Calder in the car said, speaking also in German, "He had an accident. He slipped and fell into the dock. Unhappily broke both arms when falling. Not being able to swim, he drowned."

"I trust—" said Mr. Calder. But before he could say any more the white-haired man had come up to the table. He peered into Mr. Calder's face, then seized him and kissed him on both cheeks.

He said, "This is no Russian spy, Tadeus. It is a very old friend. An Englishman. A splendid person. He helped me to murder three Gestapo agents in Albania in 1943.

"One of the servants," said Mr. Behrens, "making a final round of the college, smelled gas coming from Pitt-Hammersley's sitting-room. He went in and managed to get a window open. The door to the adjoining bedroom was open. Pitt-Hammersley was in bed. They tried everything, but it was no good. So that, I'm afraid, is really the end of it."

"Why?" said Mr. Fortescue sharply.

"Because of what was found on his table."

"A confession?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. It was a paper he must have been working on for the last few months. His magnum opus, you might say. He'd just that moment finished it. Then, no doubt he potted off to bed leaving the gas fire on, and it blew out. Air in the pipe. He told me that happened sometimes."

"But—" said Mr. Fortescue.

"It was the paper," said Mr. Behrens unhappily. "He has proved, using only the most ultra-scientific modern computerised linguistic methods that Boswell didn't exist."

"If he didn't exist, who —?"

"Johnson was Boswell. He wrote his own biography."

"But that's mad," said Mr. Fortescue. "Quite apart from his life of Johnson, Boswell wrote other works. He was a known historical character. There are dozens of independent witnesses to his existence."

"Quite so."

"You mean that this paper proves that Pitt-Hammersley was mad?"

"Not exactly. But it does mean that if his version of linguistics is capable of producing a result like this, then one can surely place no reliance at all on his identification of Wycech with Thugutt."

"I see what you mean," said Mr. Fortescue. He was unaccountably angry. "It also means that his death may have been accidental."

"It never occurred to me that it could have been anything else," said Mr. Behrens. "I agree that it would have been an easy way of finishing off the old man. Anyone could have gone along when he was asleep and turned the gas on. Doors are rarely locked in a place like that."

"Exactly."

"Yes. But we're arguing in a circle. If Wykes really was a mole it would have made sense to remove *and* discredit the man who was threatening to expose him. But we've just concluded that he isn't."

The telephone on Mr. Fortescue's desk purred. He lifted the receiver, said, "No I'm busy. Who? Oh, well perhaps you'd better put him through."

He listened in silence for some minutes while the voice at the other end spoke. Then he said, "All right, Ben. He's here with me. I'll tell him." And to Mr. Behrens. "That was Thom. He has now had a chance to analyse the paper which was found on Pitt-Hammersley's table, by the most modern ultra-scientific methods, and has concluded that Pitt-Hammersley didn't write it. I think you'd better get back to Cambridge."

"Maybe the same ultra-scientific methods will tell us who *did* write it," said Mr. Behrens hopefully.

"**C**ertainly not," said Thom. "To do that I'd have to have lengthy samples of the output of everyone here. What I was able to do without difficulty was to spot that the Boswell paper was a clumsy fraud."

Linguistics may not be an exact science, but it will show up a phoney right enough. Anyway, I think it's clear who wrote it. We've got a certain amount of dope back in Washington on this man Mitos. It was partly to keep an eye on him that I came over here."

"Then," said Mr. Behrens, who was slowly trying to absorb this new idea, "you think that there is something in Pitt-Hammersley's theory, and that Mitos was instructed to remove him and throw ridicule on it at the same time."

"There's no certainty about it, but that eminent functionary who watches over our incomings and outgoings—"

"The hall-porter."

"That's the joker. He sleeps over the gate. He tells me he heard Mitos' car driving off at about one in the morning. He thought it was unusual, because he's never known him stay so late."

"What the devil are we going to do about it?" said Mr. Behrens. He felt curiously helpless.

"I agree with your invocation of the devil," said Professor Thom, "because it's a diabolical situation. All that we have to go on so far is surmise and guess-work. But let's add two and two together for a moment and see where it gets us. Suppose Wykes is a plant. He'd be a very valuable plant. He'd need watering and tending. He'd also need a handy method of getting information back to base. Now, Mitos has a bungalow on the river bank, three or four miles below Cambridge. He sits on his landing stage in the evening, fishing. Wykes is a punting and canoeing enthusiast. You follow what I'm thinking?"

"I follow you completely," said Mr. Behrens. "But if we're going to move against Mitos, on the sort of information we've got, we're going to need a clearance from higher-up."

"Right from the top," said Thom. "But if you figure on their reactions when they think that there's now a chance — an outside chance, I grant you — that the Russians have managed to get their hands on a big slice of the East-West Early Warning System, I would surmise that the gloves will be off and Queensberry Rules will be discarded."

"I must apologise," said Tadeus Rek, "for your somewhat dramatic reception, but we are well aware that the authorities are becoming frightened of

our influence, and would give much to discredit us. In particular, by some purported involvement in espionage. Now that I understand what you want, I naturally acquit you of any such intentions. What you have told me is a curious story. It might be true."

"How well did you know Boris Wycech?"

"For two years, as boys, in Sweden. We had been very close. When we came back here, we both obtained places at the University at Cracow. Stefan Thugutt, fresh back from internment in Canada, was there, too. Boris joined with enthusiasm in all the patriotic anti-Russian demonstrations. So did my brother. Me, I was not happy. I was younger then, and inexperienced, but not stupid. A riot was planned in favour of our war hero, General Anders. I saw trouble coming. I removed myself from the University, and took a job as a workman. The riot gave the Russians' puppet Radkiewiz, and his political police, the chance they wanted. Thugutt acted as spy and *agent provocateur*. I learned of that later, after the riot had been stamped on, and the leaders shot, my brother among them. As you may imagine, when I learned of this, I took all possible steps to trace Thugutt. But he and Wycech had both disappeared. It was astonishing. It was as though they had never existed."

"One possible explanation would be, wouldn't it," said Mr. Calder slowly, "that Russian Intelligence saw an opportunity of carrying out one of their favourite substitution tricks? There was the superficial resemblance between the two young men, and the fact that their studies had been in the same field. Add to that the fact that all of Wycech's family were dead. His uncle's reputation would ensure his substitute a friendly reception in England. All that was necessary was to extract from Wycech every detail of his past, and to prime Thugutt with this background information. Wycech is obliterated. Thugutt comes to England, changes his name to Wykes, and lives quietly for at least fifteen years before he starts to move into a sensitive job. The chances of discovery would become smaller every year."

"As you say, it is possible. I suppose that I am the one person who could make the matter a certainty."

"Would you be willing to help? I could make all arrangements very quickly. And of course, at no expense to you."

"My dear Mr. Calder, if this man should turn out, in fact,

to be Stefan Thugutt, the pleasure of meeting him again would be an ample reward in itself."

The smile which accompanied these words was one of the coldest, thought Mr. Calder, that he had ever seen on a human face.

"I had a message last night from my chief," said Mr. Behrens. He and Ben Thom were sitting together, after breakfast, on a bench in the Warden's private garden. Bees hummed among the riot of July flowers in the deep borders. Pigeons cooed. The buttery cat strolled across the smooth shaven lawn, keeping one eye on the pigeons.

"Special Branch are picking up Mitos at his bungalow this morning and taking him to London. He has been told that some question has arisen over his papers. Since he is not operating under diplomatic cover, but is here as a private citizen, he was unable to object. The whole thing has been arranged to give me a chance to make a very careful search of the premises."

"You and me," said Thom.

"Really, Ben. There's no need—"

"You're not keeping me out of it. After all this cerebral work, a little activity will be a welcome change."

"All right," said Mr. Behrens. "If that's how you feel about it, I'd be glad of your company. Can you pick a lock?"

"I majored in lock picking. We'll go in my car."

"No. We'll go by boat. Much the least conspicuous way. A two-oar skiff should get us there in an hour."

Mr. Behrens had over-estimated his skill as an oarsman but it was well before midday when he tied up the boat under a willow tree fifty yards short of the Mitos bungalow.

"On foot from here," said Mr. Behrens. "We can keep under cover until we get to the garden."

The bungalow was an isolated one, approached on the landward side by a long, dusty side road. The lawn sloped down to the river. On the other side, the bank was wild and overgrown.

"A perfect pitch for a contact job," said Thom. They walked up the path together. They were twenty yards from the building when Mr. Behrens stopped.

"I'm not absolutely certain," said Mr. Behrens, "but I did think I saw the curtain in that window move a fraction."

"Then clearly the first thing to do," said Thom, "is to ring the bell. If there's someone there, they answer the door and we're two boat-trippers who forgot to bring any water for their kettle, and don't trust river water. OK?"

"That seems sound," said Mr. Behrens.

The back of the bungalow was a glassed-in verandah. There was no bell by the door but there was a knocker. Mr. Behrens executed a lengthy and lively tattoo on it. Nothing happened.

Professor Thom was already busy with a selection of thin steel spikes. Some had spatulate tips, some ended in hooks. He handled them with the familiarity and firmness of a surgeon. The lock was evidently more complicated than he had expected. "A curious lock to find on the back door of an innocent bungalow," he said to Mr. Behrens. In three minutes he had it opened and they stepped inside.

The verandah was full of stored heat and silence. A step led up to an inner door. This was unlocked. Mr. Behrens opened it, stepped inside and stopped.

"Something wrong?" said Professor Thom.

"Not really," said Mr. Behrens.

Mr. Calder was seated on the sofa with a stranger beside him.

"Allow me to introduce my friend," said Mr. Calder. "Tadeus Rek, of Danzig. Mr. Behrens. And —?"

"Professor Ebenezer Thom of Columbia University."

"I think," said Mr. Calder a little later, "that it's time we joined up the two sides of this affair. Tadeus has been very useful to us already. He identified Michael Mitos, from a photograph, as a minor functionary in Russian Intelligence. An unimportant intellectual who was probably blackmailed into coming to England. He is not a very brave man. His credentials are being examined. The supposition is that he was acting as link-man to someone much more important."

"That someone," said Mr. Behrens, "being Sir Boris Wykes."

"That we shall shortly find out. A message has been conveyed to a certain quarter — I said that Mitos was not very brave. If what we suspect is correct, it should result in someone attempting to contact Mitos."

"Coming here, you mean?" said Professor Thom. There was a look in his eye which seemed to suggest that further activity would not be displeasing to him.

"That is the supposition. The message stressed that a contact was urgent, but it might not be effective before tomorrow. Fortunately there is plenty of food in the house. However, I suggest" — he was looking at Mr. Behrens as he said this — "that a reception committee of four might be excessive."

"I think you're right," said Mr. Behrens slowly. "Besides, Ben, we must bear in mind we have hired our boat by the hour. A substantial monetary penalty will be exacted if we keep it out overnight."

"Very well," said Professor Thom reluctantly. "If that's what you think would be best."

Rek said, with the justifiable pride of one employing a colloquialism in a foreign tongue, "That's the way the cookie crumbles, Professor."

Sir Boris Wykes, paddling his canoe expertly down the smooth reaches of the Cam, was not unduly alarmed. Mitos was inclined to panic. He had asked, more than once, for him to be replaced by a more reliable operator but it had been difficult to find anyone with the precise qualifications.

The message had reached him, through established channels, and verified by the current code-word, at five o'clock on the previous afternoon. He gathered that it was something to do with Mitos' papers. It had mentioned urgency. Wykes was too old a hand to be hurried.

Fortunately, he had already mentioned to one or two friends that he was planning to take a boat out on the following afternoon and he had adhered to this timetable.

As he came round to the bend, he saw the familiar figure seated on the landing-stage, a fishing rod in his hand and the same floppy old sunhat on his head. So! The authorities had not detained Mitos. Another false alarm.

Three swift strokes with the paddle drove the canoe towards the stage. The fisherman looked up.

A moment of paralysed shock.

The man was a stranger. Or was he? He was certainly not Mitos.

"My name is Rek," said the fisherman. "Tadeus Rek." One brown and muscular hand had grasped the edge of the canoe. "We met once or twice, no more I think, in 1946 at

Cracow. On the other hand, you knew my brother, Andreas, rather well. It was on account of your information that he was shot. That makes what we have to do much easier."

Wykes fended off wildly from the landing stage, hitting at Rek's hand with the paddle. It was an ineffective gesture. Mr. Calder had come up behind him, and was holding the other end of the canoe firmly.

"First Pitt-Hammersley," said the Warden. "Now Mitos. We are the playthings of fate." He was alone in his study with Mr. Behrens.

"I learned this morning that the authorities have not only detained Mitos, they have refused to allow him out of custody pending deportation. Is this a police state? Is there nothing we can do?"

"You could appeal to the Home Secretary," said Mr. Behrens, but he said it without much confidence.

The Warden's eye fell on the morning paper that Mr. Behrens had put down. *"Boating Tragedy,"* said the headline, *"Eminent Scientist Feared Drowned. A canoe, which had been hired on the previous afternoon by Sir Boris Wykes, the government scientist in charge of the East Coast Early Warning System, was found this morning floating bottom up in the Cam five miles below Cambridge. The body of the canoeist has not been recovered. That stretch of the river is notorious for its underwater weed bed which is known to have trapped quite strong swimmers. The river above the point where the canoe was found is being dragged."*

Mr. Behrens thought it very unlikely that the body would be recovered.

"I shall have to put up a notice," the Warden made a note on his pad, "urging students not to go boating single-handed. I've done so before, but young people take little notice of warnings." He reverted to his original grievance. "I suppose," he said to Mr. Behrens, "that you wouldn't care — just as a temporary measure — to take over Pitt-Hammersley's lectures? I understand you are something of an expert on the subjects that he covered."

"I'm afraid not, Warden," said Mr. Behrens. "I'd like to help, but I've come to the reluctant conclusion that the science of linguistics is too dangerous to be meddled with by amateurs." 

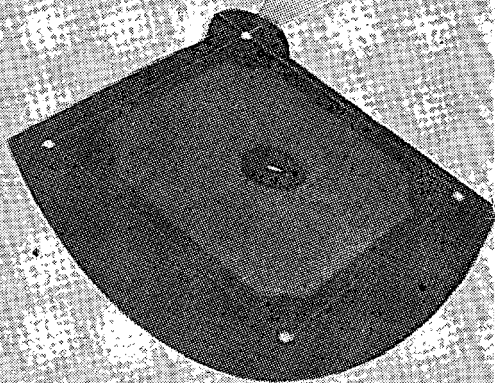
AN ALL AMERICAN HERO

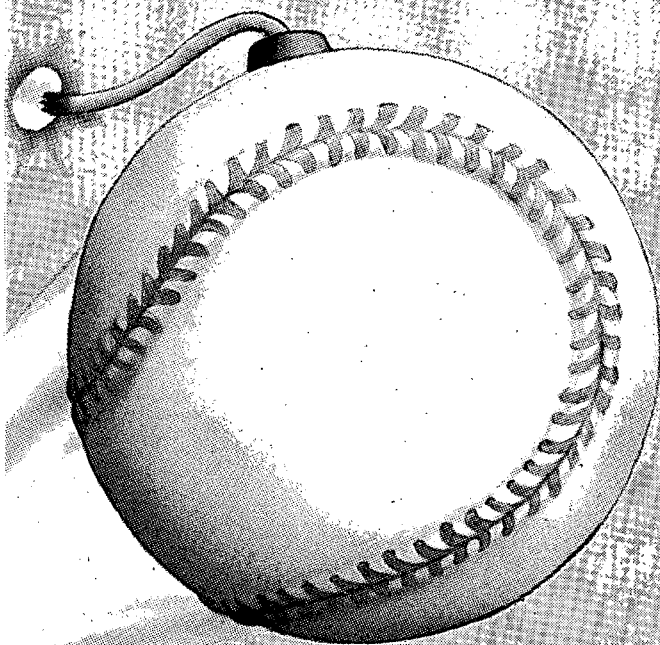
by Joe R. Lansdale

As Daffy Duck says, "It's not the principle of the thing, it's the money." But in this case, it wasn't the money at all; I had no choice.

Under normal circumstances, I'd go with the money hands down. But then again, it was the first time business had ever meddled with my baseball game, and it couldn't have picked a worse time to be meddlesome. THE SAILORS were up for the Pennant and this was the game to decide it.

Course, THE SAILORS might be able to do it without me, but as I was the premier hitter in the league that year, it wasn't likely. I was blowing everyone in





the trees, breaking records, hitting homers like I'd been born to it. And I guess I had been, in a way. I was a natural; about the most natural baseball player that ever came across the wire.

You see, I could put a ball anywhere I wanted. Others had done it in the past—like The

Babe in that '32 Chicago game, pointing the bat where he intended to knock the ball, then doing it—but I could do it every damned time. I know I'm bordering on the sacrilegious here but, to make it simple, I was the best batter the game had ever seen or was likely to ever see again. I think that puts

it into perspective.

That year, my bat had brought THE SAILORS, a relatively new club, from dead bottom straight to the top. Oh, it wasn't just me. I mean, we had a good team—but there wasn't anyone with special talent. Except me.

Now, before you think I'm going to break my arm patting myself on the back, I'd like to say right here and now, I wasn't any superman. Not by a long shot. I got walked from time to time, for example; and occasionally I hit a foul. So I wasn't perfect.

But I'd never been struck out. Not even once. Throw a half-good ball across that plate and I'd put that baby in orbit. Once I hit a slider ball so low that one reporter said it looked like I'd taken up golf instead of baseball. I not only connected with that rascal, I put it over the fence and into the grandstands. And when they found it, it didn't have a cover on it, and the cover was found about halfway between home plate and the pitcher's mound.

However, I have this other job. Not so much fun, though it's all right and pays good. More money than I make in baseball, and I'm no slouch there, either.

But this other thing pays me so good it damn near makes baseball a hobby. I'd been recruited for it when I was

nothing but a college kid, and I guess had I known I was going to be such a hot shot with the bat, I might never have gotten into it—even though I was real good at it.

You see, I'm a paid assassin for the KGB.

The job and hobby were in direct conflict this day, and I don't have to tell you that you can't lose your job—or your life—over a hobby. I wasn't in any position to quit being an assassin and stick only to baseball. No way. The Kremlin frowns on that sort of attitude. They could care less about *The Great American Pastime*, though they liked it because it let me move from city to city without trouble, and no matter what city or when, seemed they always had someone there they wanted killing. So it was nice for them and a nice cover for me. But if I let it get in the way of doing what they wanted, if I didn't do my duty, someone would do their duty on me. And when they finished, wouldn't be enough left of me to stuff first base.

The problem was this: A Russian agent was going to defect. Word was out about it, but he didn't know it. As part of his defection, to prove he was sincere, he was going to pass some Russian documents to a CIA agent. The KGB, being on to him, had substituted some

dummy documents without him knowing it, but they still wanted him gotten rid of because he had a head full of real information that might prove a bother. They wanted it so he couldn't tell anyone by voice, sign or writing what he knew. Which, of course, means just what you think it means.

All right, that's okay with me. One more dead person isn't going to bother me. But the low-life picked the day of my game, and the game itself for passing the information. Ain't that the corker?

Bottom of the ninth, just before the game ended, when everyone would be watching intently, involved with the final score—because no doubt about it, this was going to be a close one—he would pass the material to the agent who would come along selling peanuts. The agent would be recognizable because he'd be wearing a cap with moose antlers on it. One of those silly rigs you can buy in gag and toy stores. After the documents were passed, the defector was supposed to get up and leave.

I had to be out of the game at that point, faking maybe a pulled muscle or something to get me to the showers. From there I could change quick, put on the latex mask I had rolled up in my gear, get out to the lot and strangle the guy, and then

get back to the showers. No problem. The thing that worried me was the game. If the game was real close at that point, which it was likely to be, the team just might need me to pull it out of the fire with a homer.

That was my big fear, letting the boys down. Of course, I wasn't crazy about winning the Pennant and ending up as part of first base, either, but it was hard to let something you'd worked so hard for, like the Pennant, go sliding by.

Still, it looked like I didn't have much choice. I could only hope we got such a lead on them that it didn't matter.

True to form, however, things didn't work out that way.

Game was tied up all the way to the eighth, three and three. Our side was holding its own, but I could sense we were slackening. It had only been chance that had kept the other team from bringing in a run a couple of times, and it was one of those intangible things a ball player can tell you about, but can't explain. I could feel the game slipping away from us. It was nearing the ninth and it didn't look as if I was going to get to bat. We had two outs and two strikes on us. I'd eaten off all my fingernails.

Elrod surprised us all and got a piece of the next ball, but it didn't matter. It was scooped

up by the shortstop, fired to first, and Elrod was out even before he dropped his bat.

We went outfield.

Well, it was at this point that I should have gone into my act. I didn't. I took my place at shortstop, instead, and took a peek over my shoulder from time to time at the defector's place. And once when I was looking over my shoulder, a ball was hit, went right between my legs and fetched up in the second baseman's glove. He got it to first, and it was an out, but it should have been my ball. I could feel the coach glaring at me from the dugout, and I didn't blame him. I either needed to play ball or kill that KGB guy. Trying to do one and worrying about the other wasn't getting either job done.

Our pitcher struck out their worst batter, then McGursky came up to bat. He was their main hitter, and all three runs scored he'd made. Just like I'd made all of ours. Two of them homers, and one a run I'd batted in ahead of me. McGursky had had one homer, batted in a couple runs ahead of him that time, and now he was looking for his second homer. It was that kind of game. And the way things were going, I was afraid he was going to make it.

My worst fears were realized when the show-off stole my thunder by pointing his bat at

left-field, then taking the pitch and putting it there. It hit the fence, but by the time left-field had recovered, McGursky had already made it. And damned if he didn't grin at me like an idiot when he passed around the bases.

I darn near gritted my teeth to gums.

Score was 4 to 3, their favor.

I'd like to say we played pretty tight ball after that and got the necessary outs by superior pitching, catching, basing and fielding, but the truth is they got so damned confident that they blew it and we got in. Still, it was bottom of the ninth and our last time at bat. And we were a run behind.

Course it came to mind that I could get sick, get out of the game, do my job, have a miraculous recovery, and get back maybe in time to bat, but that would look awfully suspicious. And a bathroom trip, even if it was a serious one, wouldn't fool anyone. I mean, at this point in the game, no one just strolled out to go to the can unless the problem was terminal. I began to envision first base stuffed with me again, and it wasn't an attractive thought.

To top all of it off, I had that McGursky's grin in my head. Kept thinking about him showing off with my bat pointing business, even if I did steal it from The Babe, and then put-

ting that homer where he said he would.

I glanced up into the stands for a look at my pigeon, and I could make him out fine. Left field, low center stands, next to the aisle. Wasn't a full stand there. In fact, he was about the only one sitting there. A big, important game like this not getting a full stand was just another sign of the way baseball was going. Chowderheads now wanted to see five hundred pound gorillas in armor run together instead of seeing true grace and skill in action. It was enough to make you feel like the country was going to the dogs.

Our first batter up was Tanner, and he got two strikes on him quick, and on the third he managed a bunt that got him to first, and he wouldn't have got that if the catcher hadn't fumbled the ball when he nabbed it and then thrown a wild pitch to first.

By the grace of God and a fumble, we were on base.

Sorry thing about it was, Tanner, next to me, was the other best batter on our team.

Up now was Rochess, and the only thing he'd ever gotten a hit off was something he threw up in practice with one hand and swatted with the bat in the other. On his way up to bat, I tried to give him a talk on what to watch out for, and though he

said, "Gotcha," I figured he'd remember what I said almost to when he got to the batter's box. He didn't take advice well at all.

He got up there and the pitcher wound up and threw him one. And I tell you, that ball seemed to dangle out there like a slow-floating moon, and I saw it coming and thought, don't do it. But Rochess did. He started his swing and that old moon dropped and the bat whizzed over it and the ump yelled, STREEEIKE!"

Damn!

That was just what I'd told that sucker to watch out for.

The next one was a hanging moon, too, and I figured on the pitcher's strategy and I was right. That old moon came hurtling in, and Rochess waited for it to drop, and of course it didn't, and it hit the catcher's glove with a sound like a cherry bomb going off under a tin can and the ump screamed, "STREEEIKE, TWO!"

I glanced up at the stands and saw that I'd already pushed my luck too far. I'd kept telling myself I was going to get up any second and get sick, get out of the game and do my job, but I'd just sat there. And now I saw the peanut salesman in the moose hat coming down the steps, walking slow.

The rat was working a bit ahead of schedule. It was a long shot, but if I fell out right

at that moment, I could probably make it. Oh, it wouldn't be neat, and I'd probably have to crush the defector's windpipe instead of strangling him like I'd planned, as the KGB wanted it; if not exactly slow, memorable. But this other way he wouldn't know what hit him. I'd just spin him around, terminate him and get back to the game.

The peanut vendor kept moving down.

And I didn't move. The sweat was beading up under my cap and running down my face, and I kept thinking about first base stuffed with me, but I still didn't move.

"STREEEIKE, THREE, YOU'RE OUT!"

The pitcher had just thrown Rochess out with an old fashioned curve ball, and Rochess was so demoralized he walked away from there with his head down, dragging his bat in the dirt.

"Nice work, jerk," the bat boy said to him.

"Way to hit," I said as he sat down beside me.

He told me what I could do with myself, but I was only paying half attention. The peanut vendor was almost there. It was now or never.

My name was called to bat, just like I wasn't expecting it or something, and I got up, took a bat, and moved toward the

plate like I was in a dream. Damned if I wasn't going to do my best to win the Pennant, and it just didn't make any sense. The Pennant, compared to my life, was nothing. That Pennant wasn't going to have the fun I could have eating, drinking, chasing women. It was going to hang on the clubhouse wall and wasn't even going to miss me when I was gone.

Wasn't any use thinking about it, now, I finally figured, because it was too late. I didn't even try to think of an excuse for the KGB because they wouldn't want to hear one.

I got up there, the bat resting on my shoulder like The Babe, my hands spaced like Ty Cobb, and I snaked my neck a little and looked at the pitcher. He looked like an old bull out there, pawing and ready to run me over. It was the first time a pitcher had ever seemed intimidating to me, and in this case, this guy, though pretty good, wasn't that good. I was just foolishly worried about being stuffed in first base. Ha Ha.

Then the ball was coming my way. That old moon. And I swung.

"STREEEIKE!"

I hadn't even seen that baby curve! Couldn't believe it. He'd been holding that one out for me special.

From the dugout, Rochess

yelled something uncomplimentary about my eyes, and I had to admit to myself that maybe that ball wasn't as special as the circumstances were. Had I been concentrating, he probably wouldn't have gotten that sucker by me.

When I looked up at him, he was grinning. It wasn't as good a grin as the one McGursky had given me, which was the sort that could have made a possum drop dead from the top of an oak, but it was mighty good. I figure it would have at least given a possum a flesh wound. Confidence was hanging on him like stink on a cow plop, and he figured he had my rhythm now.

I figured it, too, after his next ball.

I didn't even swing at it. It seemed to come across the plate like an invisible bullet.

"STREEEIKE, TWO."

Glancing into the stands, I saw the peanut vendor was even with the defector, and suddenly I knew it didn't matter any more. I'd made my death bed and was soon to lie in it. Only thing that mattered now was hitting that ball out of the park.

The ball came again, and this time I latched that old magic eye on it, the one that had never failed me, and I got a piece of that little white, round sucker.

Just a piece. Foul ball. It went up and back and over.

I had the pitcher's number now, and it was my turn to grin. One of those bear-slaying grins that Davy Crockett claimed to be privy to.

From the way the pitcher looked back at me, I got the feeling that some of his confidence had fallen off; that he felt maybe I had his number, too.

I tried not to, but just before I stepped into the batter's box again, I took a look at the vendor and the defector. The vendor was taking something from my man and putting it in the peanut tray. The defector got up and started to climb the steps.

I had a sudden thought. I stepped into the box, pointed my bat and said, "Come on, Magic Eye."

The pitcher wound up. The defector took a step up. The ball came soaring, and I went to swinging, and, brethern, I got me ALL of that ball.

Let me tell you: that bat and me were one and I put everything I had into it, and maybe some I didn't know I had. Later, the papers said I hit it so hard that my feet came off the ground.

Away that ball went. Around that bat swung, still jarring in my hands with the feel of that hit.

I passed McGursky on first, grinned and tipped my hat. He showed me a gesture I'd already seen a number of times. I ran on around, pushing that run ahead of me, knowing that the Pennant was ours.

And though the paper the next day said it was a sad thing that such a beautiful homer, such an exquisite win, had later been spoiled by the discovery that the ball had hit a leaving

fan in the back of the head, killing him instantly—and I had to feign some real pain over that—the thing I remember most, the thing that counts, was the team running out to me, cheering, and picking me up on their shoulders and calling out my name. And me, high up above the others, my hands upraised; me, an assassin for the KGB; I was an *All American Hero*. 

Did you know...

Newsweek tabbed him the "man in the shadows." To some he was the "gray general," or the "gray hand." To others, "Dr. Schneider." He was a man without a face; a character so hidden that his signature was a state secret for twelve years. His espionage career spanned the most turbulent era in modern European history, and he was in the maelstrom.

Lieutenant General Reinhard Gehlen was the spymaster of Europe from 1941 through 1968. He served the Weimar Republic before the war, Hitler during it, and the C.I.A. and West German Intelligence Service after it. A survivor and achiever, Gehlen was the first technocrat of espionage, the man who replaced the "cloak and dagger" with the index card file.

Reinhard Gehlen was born in 1902, in Erfurt, Germany, the son of an Imperial German officer and a Flemish noblewoman. In 1920, he joined the German Army as a cadet officer, and began a slow, bureaucratic rise through the ranks. But when Hitler began rearming the Reich, Gehlen was posted to his first crucial assignment; to the General Staff in Berlin, in 1935.

In 1940, he caught the attention of General Halder and served as his assistant. Halder wrote of Gehlen, in 1941, that he had "great operational thinking and a great deal of foresight in his thinking."

The German war against the Soviet Union was Germany's

crucial struggle, and the German generals were dissatisfied with the information their intelligence group was bringing in. Halder pushed Gehlen's candidacy as the head of Foreign Armies East, and on April 1, 1942, Reinhard Gehlen assumed command of the most important intelligence group in Germany.

On several occasions, Gehlen teams infiltrated Soviet formations. One such team arrived at a regimental headquarters, presented their documents (forged), and were given a detailed tour of the Front by the regimental command. After a splendid dinner, the Gehlen team departed, radioed their information to Gehlen, and met their plane in a remote field.

As the Third Reich collapsed, Gehlen hastened westward with the Red Army hot on his heels, and succeeded in hiding in Bavaria. The western Allies were now wary of Stalin's aims of conquest, but found themselves ignorant of Soviet capabilities. Luckily, they found Gehlen.

In August 1945, Gehlen was taken to Washington, D.C., as a guest of the U.S. Army and the intelligence community. He and his files served as a primer on the Soviet Union for the United States.

By the spring of 1947, Gehlen was back at the top of European espionage, running the "Gehlen Organization" for the C.I.A. behind the Iron Curtain. He had become the eyes and ears of the C.I.A. in Asia. Employing the same systematic tactics he'd used in the German Army, the new Gehlen team was telling Washington what particular factories were producing, whether or not their production was on schedule, and reporting on morale in the Red Army.

Then, suddenly, on April 1, 1956, Gehlen left the employ of the C.I.A. to work for the BND, the West German Intelligence Service. From scratch, Gehlen formed another espionage service; one of the best ever, until scandals, moles, and murders riddled the ranks.

At the end of April 1956, Gehlen was retired. His official career as Europe's most important intelligence officer was over, but he did not leave the world of espionage.

In retirement, Reinhard Gehlen continued to work for the West German Intelligence Service on a free-lance basis, living in the small Bavarian town of Pullach, where he was known as "Dr. Schneider."



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Go Kill YOURSELF

by Joe Gill

The arrivals lounge at JFK Airport was a madhouse. A 747 from Rome had just landed, every seat filled with returning vacationers, and now the jumbo jet from Damascus had begun to discharge its passengers.

I was holding a carry-on bag, and my rumpled sports jacket and shirt looked like I'd slept in them for the past twenty-four hours. In fact, I'd just arrived on the Washington shuttle a few hours before. The American security chief from the United Nations had provided my wardrobe and cover credentials.

"Jibal's on the Damascus flight," Arthur Kelly had informed me while I was being briefed. "I've never worked with you, Mr. Barre, but the word I got is that you can do the job. I hope so. If Jibal kills Fahz, we

can forget about stabilization in Lebanon."

I'd been removing my excellent gray blazer and comparatively fresh shirt to don the shirt, tie, and offensive plaid jacket Kelly had thrown on a chair.

"What weapons will Jibal have available?" I asked, sniffing suspiciously at the shirt before I put it on.

"Anything he needs; including shoulder-launched missiles," the U.N. cop told me disgustedly. "Aside from what they bring in their diplomatic pouches, they buy every new weapon that comes on the market and they've got some the Army hasn't even tested yet."

Now, standing near the ladies' room, in an excellent position to scan the arrivals from the Syrian capital, I watched them pass and heard them chattering in various languages. Syrian businessmen and Arab families, the women veiled and the children awed by the immensity of this new gateway to the country they'd been taught to despise; small, wiry men with blank faces, some of whom looked at me carefully as they moved toward the luggage area where they'd get their bags and find transportation to Manhattan.

And Jibal. His dossier photo-

graphs had shown a swarthy, bearded face with thick, curly hair, and he was described as being 5' 7" tall, weighing in the neighborhood of 145 lbs. Jibal it appeared was now nearer six feet tall, somewhat heavier, smooth-shaven, and his hair was cropped close to his oddly round skull. His eyes were lighter, a golden brown; not the dark brown described in the file.

His glance was suspicious and I realized that he probably had an instinct for identifying people in "the trade," but just then the ladies' room door opened and Denise joined me. She was wearing a too-tight pants suit — her belly was popped, her square shoulders slumped, and her new pancake make-up looked orange. Her eye make-up was grotesque, and she had on oversized bifocal glasses with the earpieces that curved down in the front. Hideous.

"That ladies' room is filthy, Everett," Denise whined in a Midwestern accent. "No wonder these airlines are failing all the time. Come on. Let's get out of here before some of these A-rabs steal our luggage."

Jibal heard her, of course. He'd seen her, dismissed her as nothing more than the slob wife of a probable slob, and I fit that description. I could see him dismiss me as no menace

to a Shiite hit man.

According to the Mossad, Israel's intelligence agency, the Syrian Ambassador to the United Nations, Abdul Fahz, had been instructed to seek a permanent peace in the ruins of Beirut. The Shiite Muslims had declared a holy war against the Israeli forces remaining in Lebanon, however, and anyone, even the Syrian Ambassador to the U.N., who opposed Shiite violence in Lebanon was an enemy.

Now, President Assad of Syria was willing to discuss the raging guerrilla war in Lebanon and his representative was scheduled to confer with our State Department people as well as PLO leaders, the Israeli Ambassador, and the Lebanese delegates.

Denise and I moved down the long carpeted corridor toward the front of the air terminal. Ahead of us, Jibal walked rapidly, his slender body faultlessly attired in an unwrinkled gray suit. Denise was surprised and doubtful when I nodded toward Jibal as we began walking behind him.

"Are you sure?" she asked in her normal, Massachusetts finishing school voice. "He doesn't look like a bomb-throwing camel jockey to me."

I laughed. "Jibal's family was too poor for camels; he grew up in a Palestinian shantytown on

the West Bank, though for more than ten years he's lived high on the hog because he's one of the deadliest men in the world."

"Where will he hole up?" Denise asked. She was striding along, still playing the role; her arms dangling, her shoulders rounded. I tried to hide a smile but she caught it and glared. "Go ahead and laugh, Lucas. You're no fashion plate either!" I didn't dare speak for fear I'd laugh out loud.

Around us, a river of people flowed inbound and outbound through Kennedy International. Most of them were exactly what they seemed to be but there were cocaine smugglers buried in that mass, with DEA agents watching them; there were college kids bringing in a few grams of coke for themselves and friends, spies, international criminals, and people like Denise Fuller and me, intelligence people on assignment, trying to keep the world from blowing itself up.

We reached the huge, vaulted, ultra-modern main terminal. I saw Jibal hand tickets to a woman wearing photosensitive glasses, joggers, and an expensive tan-and-orange sweatsuit; high fashion in these jumbled times.

Denise made an appreciative sound as she watched the girl — slim, black-haired, and in her twenties — retrieve Jibal's

luggage.

"Nali Uzad, Libyan trained Shiite terrorist," Denise recited. "She was identified at the American Embassy in Teheran when they grabbed the hostages five years ago. One of Khomeini's top agents."

"Anyone with buns like that can't be all bad," I observed, and Denise Fuller rammed a bony and accurate elbow at my ribs.

"Dirty old man!" she snapped, forgetting her stoop and slouch for a moment. "She'd probably use a rusty knife to turn you into a eunuch for Jibal's harem."

I retrieved authentic looking luggage from the moving track and led Denise, whining and bitching about "this awful place" to the cabstand outside. I was in time to see Jibal seated in a dark-windowed limo, waiting for the woman to load his bags and join him. The chauffeur was also one of theirs; a pale moustached Arab, probably one of their terror-school graduates.

A cab slid up and the driver beckoned. Denise and I went to it and tossed our bags inside. The driver quickly had the car in gear and we moved smoothly away, a respectable distance behind the other vehicle.

"Abdul Fahz is at the Syrian Consulate," the driver said, driving carefully. He worked for

the National Intelligence Agency, just as we did. "He's got four goons with him every time he leaves the Consulate, plus our own security team. We're all bumping into each other, pretending we don't know who everyone is."

I laughed. Denise had her glasses off and was looking at herself in the mirror, making a moue of disgust.

"I'm a horror show," she muttered savagely.

"You're just jealous because Nali Uzad is a raving beauty," I observed.

Denise slanted a murderous look at me. "Careful, Barre," she murmured, "she's not the only one who can use a rusty knife."

The limo went east on Long Island, crossed over to the North Shore, and turned into an estate guarded by a tall, iron fence with electronically-operated gates that swung closed behind it. We went down the road an eighth of a mile and stopped opposite a TV appliance repair van. The driver came across the street and got into the cab. He was E.G. Weber, a forty year veteran of Intelligence work.

"Hello, Denise," he said mildly. "Love that outfit. Never saw you looking so good." He cleared his throat. "I'm recording everything that goes on inside, Lucas."

"How'd you get in to bug it?"

"When the stock broker's widow put it on the market, we figured some Third World delegates might snap it up," he grinned. "Our gear was all in the place when this bunch came along. I can tell you which maid is playing footsie with the butler — who's got a crush on the kid they brought over to cut the grass."

We laughed, and Webber said, "Don't laugh. The kid is prettier than most of the females in there."

"They've got at least six shooters," Webber reported. "Nali, the woman who met Jibal, is tight with the First Secretary at the Manhattan Consulate. She's got a cover job as a secretary and they don't know she's taking orders from the Lebanese Shiites."

The cabbie looked at me. "We can't just sit here, Barre," he pointed out. "They've got security people in there and they'll notice us sooner or later, even if you two do look like you got lost looking for a Burger King on Queens Boulevard. What are you gonna do?"

I sighed. "I'd like to do what the opposition would do in a case like this. Move in and either grab the guy or terminate him. The thing is," I pointed out, "I was given the assignment of keeping Jibal from taking out Abdul Fahz. He's going to kill him one way or another

if I don't prevent it."

Denise smiled. "So how've you got it planned?"

I smiled back. "I'm not sure but I think Jibal will do the job when Fahz attends the OPEC ministers' meeting in the World Trade Center in lower Manhattan two days from now. There'll be a thousand cops down there, plus so many of our agents and theirs there won't be room for the pigeons, but that's where I believe Jibal will make the hit."

They waited and I looked at Webber.

"I've got to know which weapon he'll use," I told the Company electronics genius. "That means we've got to monitor your gadgets until we hear what Jibal plans to do."

Webber nodded. "Okay. I'll need help, though. I've got six speakers in the van."

"Denise and I will do that. We know what to listen for," I said.

We sent the cab off to the motel where the Agency had set up a base for operation. Inside the van, despite the air conditioning, it was uncomfortably warm. I stripped off the rumpled jacket and shirt and sat in comparative comfort. Webber gave us each earphones, which we slipped on. I discovered I had one phone hooked up to a bug imbedded in the ceiling of an Assistant Secretary's office. This guy, I knew, was the terrorist boss,

trained in a Libyan terrorist camp by KGB specialists. He'd give the orders to Jibal. The other phone was planted in a basement room and, after almost losing an eardrum, I turned down that volume and looked at Webber. He laughed.

"They've got a shooting gallery in the basement. I've heard them testing everything from H & K automatic weapons to riot control twelve gauge shot-guns. One of those mothers almost turned my brain into jelly."

I thought about it. I didn't believe that the assassin would use a gun to do the job. I helped myself to some coffee from the unit in the van and settled down to listen. Denise was alert, as was Webber, and we endured the garbage that always comes on a job like this. I learned that Webber was right; the butler was making it with the guy who mowed the lawn. Jibal had a conversation with the Assistant Secretary and, at the end, it got interesting.

"Thursday morning at ten-thirty, Abdul Fahz will be delivered by armored limo to the underground garage at the World Trade Building." I heard in my right earphone. *"He'll leave the limo heavily guarded, and proceed to a private elevator which will take him to the floor where the OPEC meeting will be held."*

"I shall need the architect's drawings for the garage area," Jibal said in heavily accented English

"They are here," the other voice replied. *"When will you decide on a weapon?"*

"I think a radio-detonated explosive will be most effective," Jibal answered. *"What do you have here of that nature?"*

There was a silence. *"On the armorer's list of weapons, I find missile launchers, grenades, all manner of automatic weapons, but no radio-triggered bombs. However, our supplier in this area will have what you need. Please detail the exact type you require."*

"Several pounds of RDX, the military plastic explosive, a radio transmitter to trigger the bomb, and a moped," Jibal replied.

Their conversation ended a moment later and I told Webber what I'd heard.

"Who's the gofer that'll be sent to pick up Jibal's goodies?" I asked.

"A goon named Cohen." When I looked surprised, Webber laughed. *"It's not his real name but he wears the black coat and hat and the hair and beard of an Orthodox Jew. Actually, he's a Syrian, but he can move around New York without getting hassled if he calls himself Cohen."*

I knew who they'd go to for

the RDX plastique. He supplied the FALN terrorists with explosives and did a nice business with ordinary thieves. We let him operate because we managed to substitute faulty material for Grunewald's lethal merchandise often enough to cut down on the terrorists' toll.

Sure enough, the Assistant Secretary made a phone call to Grunewald. The arms supplier ran a complex on Canal Street in Manhattan. On one street, a hardware store peddled construction supplies, and next door another junkshop was filled with war surplus material where you could buy anything from half-track APC's (Armored Personnel Carriers) to supposedly unusable rifles.

And at right angles to these stores, on a side street, there was a discount electronics supply store where things like radio-detonated bomb fuses could be obtained.

I used the van radio and asked for a driver. Ten minutes later, when "Cohen" exited from the estate gates in a non-descript late model sedan, I was sitting beside one of our people. We followed him to Southern State Parkway, from there to the Midtown Tunnel, and then dropped behind a back-up unit so we wouldn't get spotted on the way downtown. My driver dropped me off a block away from Grunewald's

operation. I went to the electronics business on the side street and let myself in; I was no stranger to this place. I could hear Grunewald's voice as I went through the shop and into the stockroom of the hardware store. Grunewald, a bald-headed stocky man in his late fifties, came into the stockroom and his eyes widened when he saw me.

"Please, sir," he said, keeping his voice low. "I will cooperate as soon as I give this customer his package."

"Tell him it'll take a few minutes, Grunewald," I ordered. "Then show me the RDX and the transmitter."

The arms merchant didn't argue. I heard Jibal's delivery man complaining, then Grunewald came back. The sight of that five pound block of plastic RDX, looking about as deadly as a lump of putty, made my blood run cold. But it was harmless. Even though I knew I could hit it with a hammer and it wouldn't explode, I treated it with great respect. Grunewald showed me the radio transmitter that would trigger the device.

I'd taken courses in this stuff at The Farm and I had a pretty good idea of what I'd find in the transmitter. I unscrewed the back, took out the batteries and the circuit to create a little room, then I carved out about

six ounces of the RDX and molded it inside the small plastic case of the transmitter. I quickly constructed a very simple circuit, inserted the two-inch long mercury fuse, and connected the wires from the battery carefully. When I screwed it back together, the watching Grunewald had a sheen of sweat on his brow.

"When he pushes that button. . ." Grunewald said.

"Stop worrying," I told him, grinning. "He won't get hurt unless he tries to kill Fahz. If he does. . . It's sort of an industrial accident."

That was it. "Mr. Cohen" took the explosive and the transmitter needed to trigger it, and left, going back by the same route. I rejoined Denise and Webber in the van and we listened as Jibal took delivery of the deadly package.

"I'll enter the underground garage on the moped with the credentials of a courier," Jibal told his boss later. "I've located a water drain in the floor near the elevator which Fahz will use. At the proper moment, I'll press the button and leave on the moped. Pursuit in the ensuing confusion will be impossible."

He did just like he planned. Fahz left his limo and, as he strode over the buried drain in which Jibal had hidden a lump of plastique big enough to kill

a hundred innocent people, there was an explosion.

But it occurred near the exit ramp from the garage. And the only casualty was never identified. The headless corpse was thought to have been decapitated by a letter bomb, or something similar. After the area was cleared, one of our people retrieved the plastique from the drain and I went back to the Long Island motel where a tall gorgeous blonde was checking her make-up and waiting for our driver to take us back to the airport.

She looked at her watch and then at me. I was unbuttoning my shirt.

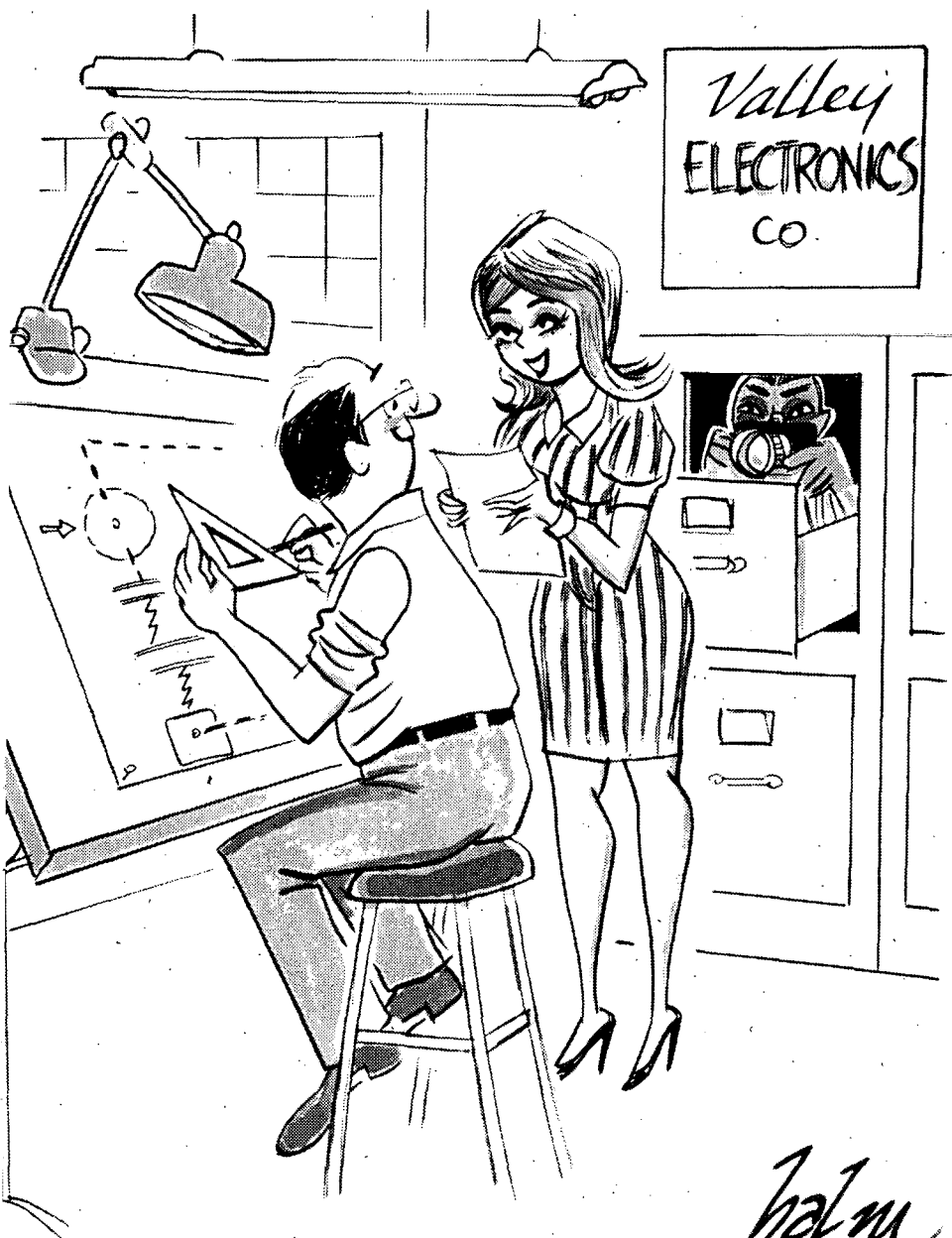
"What are you doing, Barre?" she asked impatiently. "We're supposed to get the three p.m. shuttle from LaGuardia Airport."

I shook my head, smiling, while removing my shirt. She looked at me nervously, then at the door.

"I canceled the tickets, Denise," I told her as I herded her toward the bed. "It's Friday afternoon. We're not expected at Langley till Monday morning."

Denise looked at herself in the mirror and then reached down to unzip her dress.

"Damn! This is the first time I've had my make-up on right in a week!" Then she smiled. "They told me you were a fun guy to work with, Barre. It's about time you made your move." 



"It's another ridiculous memo from the boss warning us
about industrial espionage."

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INTERVIEW:



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David Morrell

Author of "Rambo"

by Stanley Wiater

David Morrell is an author of many talents—and many genres. After achieving initial success with the now classic *First Blood* (1972), Morrell confounded his fans in the action-thriller genre by writing *Testament* (1975), which was even more savage and downbeat than his first novel. Switching genres, Morrell next wrote a Western, *Last Revere* (1977), then switched again to the horror genre for *The Totem* (1979). Still unsure of his literary home, Morrell went into espionage in 1982 with *Blood Oath*, a self-described homage to the non-stop thrillers of Alfred Hitchcock.

Fortunately for the readers of *ESPIONAGE*, he has stayed in this field ever since. *The Brotherhood of the Rose* appeared in 1984, and like every one of Morrell's novels, was well received by the critics. More importantly for the author, who is still a professor of American Literature at the University of Iowa, it was also on the *New York Times* bestseller list when it was reprinted in paperback. Critical acceptance of his work has always been forthcoming, from *First Blood* (which *Newsweek* termed "a first-rate thriller") right on

through *The Brotherhood of the Rose* ("Tough, ingeniously plotted and always gripping," proclaimed *Publisher's Weekly*). However, because of this desire to sample so many genres, Morrell now concedes that the public doesn't always know where to go to find his next book—or his previous one.

In 1983, Sylvester Stallone decided to take a chance on a movie adaptation of *First Blood*. The rest, as the publicists like to say, is history. Partially due to the immense success of that film, and its sequel, *Rambo: First Blood, Part II*, publishers began to sit up and take notice of Morrell—and finally, as well, a much greater audience. (His novelization of *Rambo: First Blood, Part II* was also a *New York Times* bestseller.)

Meanwhile, Morrell, a native of Kitchner, Ontario, remains contentedly working in the espionage genre, as witnessed by the recently published (Sept. 1985) *The Fraternity of the Stone*. It promises to continue the underlying theme of all of his novels: "I think basically what I really write about are people who are confronted by intense action situations in which they have to use a specific training to survive. And, in the process, wind up really testing themselves as well."

ESPIONAGE: Why did you write the novelization for *Rambo: First Blood, Part II*? Most authors wouldn't even consider doing one once they have achieved reputations with their own works.

MORRELL: For years I wanted to do a sequel to *First Blood*. But I'd realized that the problem was almost insoluble, as in the end of the novel, Rambo is dead; and the cop is dead. . . . But later on, of course, when they filmed *First Blood*, they decided *not* to kill Rambo, but instead let him live. Then—to my pleasant surprise—the producers decided to do a sequel, and at that point they got in touch with me to ask if I would do a novelization of a screenplay they had prepared. The issue then became "was I crazy about the story they had come up with?" And, in truth, there was some hesitancy here because the producers had not consulted with me for the sequel, for a number of reasons. What it really came down to was whether or not I was being "used." So what I said to them was, "I would be willing to do the novelization, provided that I am not shut out of future productions." And there are plans afoot for a *First Blood III*; I've

been asked to participate on the ground floor for the storyline, and there has even been some talk about my doing the screenplay.

ESPIONAGE: Traditionally, authors detest what Hollywood does to their novels. Yet *First Blood* followed your basic plotline—except for the ending—fairly closely. Were you pleased, overall?

MORRELL: I think they did a good job, and they adapted it well. I wish a few parts could have been done a little differently; for example, I wish the character of the policeman had been more complicated. But, on balance, I'm not complaining! I understand the changes they had to make. Stephen King said to me once, comparing a few of the films that had been based on his works that he was not happy with, that Hollywood had treated me about as well as Hollywood ever treats a writer. And I agree with him. There are some people who can't get enough of that film—there are people who have seen *First Blood* twenty times! It's obviously inspired a cult following.

ESPIONAGE: John Rambo has certainly proven to be an incredibly popular character, hasn't he?

MORRELL: I think what will happen with Rambo is that he'll become institutionalized, in the sense that he will become like "Rocky" or like "Indiana Jones"—though he's really quite a different kind of character—but I think Rambo is going to enter into the recognizable name category in American culture.

ESPIONAGE: But isn't it true that some people have become, as did John Hinckley with the film *Taxi Driver*, obsessed with *First Blood* for all the wrong reasons?

MORRELL: What happened was that there were some isolated incidents that occurred in Canada last fall. And the rumor was that somebody had sat down and watched *First Blood* about fifteen times, and then decided to go out and shoot people, using what was reportedly an M-16 rifle. And what it really came down to was that the man was, sadly, deranged. If the film hadn't been *First Blood*, then it would have been Woody Woodpecker. I certainly feel no moral obligation or shame or blame for what happened in that incident. It was just one of those things that could happen in any wide culture, just as some have claimed to imitate Hitchcock's *Psycho*, and somebody claimed to have imitated

something that happened in *The Shining*.

ESPIONAGE: That may well have been the case, but your work does have a reputation for being extremely violent. Some have compared your style to a prose equivalent of the work of film director Sam Peckinpah. What do you say to those who want to hold the author responsible for the actions of others?

MORRELL: I think what it comes down to is that people who are that loosely hinged *don't read!* Now I know that's a strange generalization to make, but I've only heard of one instance—of one instance—where somebody read an existential novel by Camus and went out and shot some people. I think it was in Chicago. Whereas, periodically, you hear of some film inspiring imitations—but we live in a semi-literate culture anyhow!

ESPIONAGE: So you feel there are levels of graphic violence in literature that may be more acceptable than violence shown in film?

MORRELL: Well, in my own case, I'm working on a film script right now. And I say to myself, "Okay, in a novel, I can do it this way: I can really spread the gore on." Because print is *cold*. But in a film, I have to hold back, and do only this one (violent) effect instead of three effects because film is "hot." So if one picture is worth the proverbial thousand words, by definition in film you hold back. But in a book, if you *don't* describe it in a somewhat stronger way, it will look weak. I know it's a delicate issue. I remember when I first got started with *First Blood*, I was given the label "carnagographer" by *Time* magazine; in other words, they felt that I had written a violent version of pornography. It might just be that I tend toward that direction. I guess all I can say is that the stories I create strike me as being effective *only* in the way that I depict them. And if I held back on the violence, then they wouldn't be as gripping. Indeed, I've cut back over the years. The strongest, most violent novel I ever wrote was called *Testament*. I don't think I'll ever write a book as violent as that again. I'm aware of my social responsibility, yet I've got to be true to the logic of my story.

ESPIONAGE: Actually, your novels, explicit though they are, really can't be attacked as being gratuitous in their use of violence. But are you saying you're censoring yourself to achieve a wider audience?

MORRELL: I feel the need for a fine line; on the one hand, I don't want to have anything that is so overly graphic that it will overwhelm the reader. But on the other hand, I don't want to have a scene where the reader will say, "Well, that won't wash." These aren't Boy Scouts we're dealing with here. There's a scene in *Rambo* that's really a throwaway scene in the movie, where Rambo descended into this slime pit. Everyone who's read *First Blood* always remembers the scene in the bat cave, and I told myself I had to have another "bat cave" scene here. And with that kind of playfulness, I said, "All right, this would truly be an exercise in grossness." But the reader would know where I was coming from. The scene was enough to make you lose your breakfast, but in a way it's not. . . . (laughs) . . . I laughed all the time I wrote it. So sometimes you don't censor yourself; you just let everything go. But I think in a book like *The Brotherhood of the Rose*, where we've already got so many graphic scenes which are about professional assassins, I didn't need to go on at length. It would've been wrong in that book. It's a question of taste, and it's a question of *who's* reading it and *why* they are reading it. What it comes down to, as a storyteller, is that what you can get away with in one kind of a book, you can't get away with in another.

ESPIONAGE: There's no denying that all of your novels are highly suspenseful. Yet you covered a wide variety of genres in your career before making your first attempt at an espionage novel. Why?

MORRELL: It's a complicated question, so it'll get a complicated answer. What happened was, editor Richard Marek and I got to talking about the espionage format, and the fact that it was more or less buried. You could go down to the bookstores and see the same books on more or less the same subjects. And we got to thinking that maybe there was a new direction we could take it. What I came up with was that Robert Ludlum was willing to sacrifice a certain amount of stylistic nuance for the sake of raw action, which I call the "American version." On the other hand, we have the "English version"—John LeCarré is typical—of a more cerebral approach to espionage. I think of it as Ludlum as the back alley, and LeCarré as the back office. Blue collar versus white collar. Action versus intellect.

ESPIONAGE: But you found something missing between

the two approaches?

MORRELL: Well, it occurred to me that if you're going to talk about intelligence systems, spies and intelligence operatives, there was an obligation there to not only have the action, but to authenticate use of "tradecraft." So here was a niche that nobody had really explored before, an attempt to combine Ludlum and LeCarre', to create a new kind of espionage story. So I did *The Brotherhood of the Rose*, and not only liked the book myself, but I found that I was receiving reaction from the readers that was comparable to the reaction I had received for *First Blood*. I don't understand it—I tried my best with all of them! And I said to myself, "Well, what do you know." All these years, I've had editors say, "Why don't you write me another *First Blood*," and every time I thought I had! Now, apparently, I had. It was only my first stab with this kind of book. I think I've only begun to explore the possibilities.

ESPIONAGE: But *The Brotherhood of the Rose* is totally unlike *Blood Oath*, although they both can be broadly classified as being in the same genre.

MORRELL: *Blood Oath* is an entirely different kind of book. It was a transition novel. Essentially, I was so depressed when Hitchcock died—because one of my fondest movies is *North By Northwest*—that I really wrote the book as a kind of homage to him. Which is kind of a foolish thing to do because he did that stuff so well, what does he need me to write another one for? But I wound up becoming a little too "cinematic," as if the book had been a film, and in consequence, it does not have the texture that the other books do. I would never write another one like it. Not that I'm disowning it—I'm glad I wrote it; I learned a tremendous amount. Richard Marek and I really used the book as a test case, to experiment with different kinds of effects, some of which we were happy with, some we were not. But when that book was done, we knew what was going on when I sat down to write *The Brotherhood of the Rose*, because we knew the direction that we wanted to stretch it.

ESPIONAGE: Tell us a little about your latest thriller, *The Fraternity of the Stone*.

MORRELL: The basic plot deals with this former assassin who used to work with the United States government, who became so horrified by what he had done that he became

a monk in the strictest order of the Catholic church. For six years he has been an absolute hermit, his only companion a pet mouse who crawled out of the woodwork one day. I don't want to give away too much of the plot, but circumstances drive him from the monastery, in a sense bringing him back from the dead.

ESPIONAGE: Your novels are known for their striking sense of style and particular method of pacing. Are your fans going to be able to recognize *The Fraternity of the Stone* as a "David Morrell novel?"

MORRELL: Yes, it'll be the same style. Clean, straightforward. Very brisk. There are a few flourishes—I've experimented, here and there. But the basic issue is that I get into this guy's mind, while this dead mouse is rotting in his pocket! And the only identity he has left is his love for this mouse.

ESPIONAGE: We know that Stephen King is a close friend of yours, and that you were inspired to write *The Totem* after reading one of his novels. Simply put, why aren't you writing more chillers instead of thrillers?

MORRELL: I think the common denominator there is that both genres—at their best—represent strong storytelling. Plots that grip you, but at the same time plots that require a style which has an overtone of mood. I read *Salem's Lot* right after it was published, and it was a revelation to me! With *The Totem*, I thought I was participating in the rejuvenation of a now vital form. Of course what happened with the horror genre is that *everybody* climbed on that wagon, and it became impossible to shout louder than anybody else. With a few notable exceptions—like Peter Straub and, of course, Steve. What's more, I felt that what I had to say in horror, apart from *The Totem*, was really more appropriate to short fiction. And so virtually all the short stories I've done have been horror, although I have had short stories published in *Alfred Hitchcock Mystery Magazine* and *Ellery Queen Mystery Magazine*.

ESPIONAGE: Do you feel a greater opportunity, then, to have your "shouts" heard in the espionage field? There seem to be fewer "brand-names" in this field than there are in Stephen King's.

MORRELL: There are some: one can mention Ken Follett, Alistair MacLean, Jack Higgins—I'm sure everybody has a

favorite. But with a few obvious exceptions, such as Ludlum and LeCarre, there are not as many people working seriously in the thriller—I don't call it espionage, I call it thriller—format. One of my "experiments" is to go to a chain bookstore and go through the stacks looking for books that have covers containing obvious "thriller" elements. Then I do what I call the "first page" or the "first sentence" test. You know—what's going on here?—how do they get into the story? Most of them sound alike. What's more, the first pages are snoozers. Nothing happens; it's all just description—the language is not very colorful. I put down any novel that begins its first sentence with "There was . . ." (laughs) It's already defeated itself! Anyway, I've concluded that, with some exceptions, again, everybody knows who the good writers are, and that's why those names sell. But it's a bankrupt form, in some ways the same that horror writing is, and so it struck me that the genre might be ready for what might be called a new approach. And to deal with, not cynically, some issues that simply had not been dealt with before. I'm glad I get paid, but that's not—I mean, if I got paid and didn't do something new, then what's the point?

ESPIONAGE: Looking ahead, what's next on the horizon from David Morrell?

MORRELL: I'm now busy drafting and researching the third in the series of these espionage books. They will all have titles which are similar, which is to say "The Something of the Something," and they will blatantly try for the same kind of title recognition that Ludlum has been able to achieve with his "The Something Something." I'm not trying to be cynical here, just practical; because for years I've tried to get a wide audience for my books. And simply because I drifted all over the place, what I got was an audience here and an audience there.

ESPIONAGE: Any surprises with this as yet untitled opus?

MORRELL: Yes, here the technical interest for me is to try and pull off something that's never been done, which is a double feature: I'm going to try and get the remaining main characters from *The Brotherhood* combined with the remaining main characters from *Fraternity* and bring them together as a team. I'm going to see if I can pull it off, though there's some obvious plot problems there! (laughs)

ESPIONAGE: Both *The Brotherhood of the Rose* and

Rambo: First Blood, Part II were bestsellers, and it's not too big a risk to consider that *The Fraternity of the Stone* will be a nationwide bestseller as well. Although you've always had a strong critical following, has your recent popular success changed your writing habits or lifestyle any?

MORRELL: It really hasn't. What it really comes down to, when you come downstairs every morning, is what you have in the typewriter. (Although I write by computer; but I hate to say that I have a computer because it sounds like I have some machine doing all the work for me!) But it's made me more aware that, thank Heavens, there are more and more people out there who like what I'm doing! That I'm getting these positive responses only makes me realize that if you're not careful, if you don't try as hard as you can, then the same people who liked you before will say, "Hey, it's not as good as it used to be." So I guess it's made me try harder. In terms of my basic lifestyle, I'm still a workaholic. But these days I feel really expansive, and I get up every morning and say, "Oh boy, I get to write again today!"



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STER of the AZE

by Ron Goulart

It was early in October of 1896 that Harry Challenge arrived in England and before many days had passed was nearly assassinated by bow and arrow, confronted on the misty moors of Sussex by a legendary monster and informed that the future of the British Empire depended on him.

He reached London early on a chill, misty evening, after making a reluctant, and choppy, trip across the Channel. A cablegram from New York had caused him to leave Paris four days ahead of schedule.

Dear Son: Off your duff and over to London. See Human Kangaroo, Crystal Theatre. This loon thinks ladyfriend carried off by monster. Big fee looms. Your loving father, the Challenge International Detective Agency.

The thick grey mist tightened around Harry as he went striding along Tottenham Court Road, causing the bracketed gas lanterns above the entrance of the public house he passed to look blurred and fuzzy. The hoofbeats of the Hansom cab horses were muffled and the figures in the posters slapped on the dingy brick wall next to the Crystal Theatre loomed vague and ghostlike.

Espionage 83

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Illustration by Rob Richards

Glancing back over his shoulder, the detective turned down the alley leading to the stage door. He was a lean, clean-shaven man of thirty, a shade above average height, and dressed in a dark, fairly conservative suit. The sort of suit his father firmly believed made a good impression on the clients of their detective agency.

The heavy stage door came flying open and yellow electric light spilled out into the fog.

Harry halted, reaching into his coat for his .38 revolver in his shoulder holster.

"Ow many times must I tell yer Buckskin Sal hain't partial ter gentleman admirers."

Harry relaxed and left his gun where it was.

A pudgy man in a checkered yellow suit flew out of the theater, sailed across the slice of light, and fell into the shadowy fog. In his lopsided wake followed a bunch of yellow roses, a bowler hat, and a satin-covered box of chocolates.

Sprinting, Harry got inside the theater before the burly doorman could shut him out.

"Ere now. Won't you blokes ever learn that Buckskin Sal's dazzlin' beauty hain't for the likes of—"

"I have an appointment with Alfie Quint, the Human Kangaroo."

The doorman eyed him. "An' what might yer name be?"

"Harry Challenge."

Loud, excited brassy music was drifting back from the orchestra pit. The audience was applauding enthusiastically and a hollow thumping was coming from the stage Harry couldn't as yet see.

After scrutinizing him again, the stage doorman said, "Gor, I've 'eard of you. Yer the detective chap, hain't yer? Internationally famed sleuth'ound."

"That I am," admitted Harry. "Where can I find Quint?"

"Blimey, 'e's on the bloomin' stage now, behavin' like a ruddy jumpin' jack." He pointed in the direction of the stage. "Yer can wait in the wings."

Nodding, Harry moved across the dimly lit backstage area. He stopped near an open trunk full of Indian clubs to watch Alfie Quint's act out on the stage.

". . . with your humble indulgence, ladies and gentlemen, I shall conclude my performance this evening with a feat of agility and endurance that has helped earn me the nickname of the Human Kangaroo," a muscular, fairhaired young man in crimson tights was announcing. "You will note that my assistant is arranging these straightback chairs in a ring. You will further take notice that each chair is a full ten feet from its mate. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I said *ten* feet. You will realize at . . ."

Harry became aware of a small growling sound behind him.

There was a collie dog standing on his hind legs, eying Harry in a far from cordial way. He carried a toy trombone in his forepaws and was clad in a yellow checkered suit and bowler hat.

"A gent dressed very much like you just got tossed out of here," Harry informed the dog in a low voice. "I'd watch myself."

The collie snarled.

A bulldog in a grey pinstripe suit came walking over, dragging a toy bullfiddle. When he noticed Harry, he began to make whimpering sounds.

"Boys, boys," whispered the small wrinkled man who trotted over. "Is this, I ask you, mannerly? Don't go being rude to Mr. Challenge just because he's standing where you usually stand before going on."

Out on the stage, the Human Kangaroo had successfully leaped from one chair bottom to the next, accompanied by applause and agitated music.

Harry grinned. "Professor Bascom, isn't it?"

The small man's right hand shot out from within the sleeve of his too large tailcoat. "It is, indeed. Professor Bascom and His Famous Dog Orchestra. We all met while playing on the same bill with your friend, the

Great Lorenzo, in New York City a few years back.

"Paddy, mind your manners."

A terrier trumpet player in a tweedy Norfolk suit had joined the group in the wings. More unsettled by Harry's presence than his fellow orchestra members, he let go of his gilded instrument, dropped to all fours, and commenced chewing at Harry's trouser leg.

Harry squatted and took the unhappy dog musician by the coat collar. "I'll go wait in Quint's dressing room, sport, that way—"

Something came whizzing through the space where he'd been standing. It stuck with a thunk in a post immediately behind him.

"Well, fancy that!" Bascom glanced from the quivering arrow that had dug into the wood at about heart level up into the catwalks high above.

Harry extricated himself from the dog's grip and looked upward, too.

He was in time to catch a glimpse of a young woman in a skirt of fringed leather as she went running along a metal walkway high above. "Looks like I'm going to be pursuing Buckskin Sal, after all," he said.

He ran over to a metal ladder that climbed up the brick wall of the dark backstage area and went swiftly up. When Harry reached the catwalk, there was

no sign of the young woman in the buckskin outfit.

Drawing his .38 revolver, he started along the narrow walkway. Midway along, he found another arrow. "Authentic Navajo," he muttered, and moved on.

At the far end of the catwalk, fog came swirling in at him. A small window leading to an outside fire ladder was open wide. Nodding to himself, Harry holstered his gun.

Down below, on the bright stage, Alfie Quint leaped from the final chair to the stage.

"I'm definitely non-plussed," confessed Quint as he removed his makeup.

Harry was occupying the small dressing room's only other chair. "Before we chat about why Buckskin Sal tried to do me in," he suggested, "explain why you want to hire the Challenge International Detective Agency."

"I fear I'll appear a coward in your eyes; or worse," said the performer, watching Harry's reflection in his mirror. "Let me try, though, to explain as best I can. England is not as democratic a country as your own United States, Mr. Challenge. Although I am known far and wide as *The Greatest Jumper in the World*, and though I am able to earn a princely income in my

chosen profession, I am of humble origin. There are those who look down on me because I am not a born gentleman. One such is Sir Peveril Plumm."

"The diplomat." Harry took out one of the thin dark cigars he favored. "He's involved right now with the Lusitania-Great Britain Mutual Defense Treaty."

"You're even better informed than I anticipated."

"I hear things," replied Harry. "Would your young lady be Esmeralda Plumm?"

Quint gasped, then sighed. "She is the dearest thing in all the world to me. But my lowly station—her stubborn father is unrelenting—has kept us apart."

Harry's wax match sputtered and gave off a punky smell as he struck it and lit his cigar. "The Plumm estate is in Sussex somewhere, isn't it?" he inquired exhaling puffs of smoke. "Yes... and there's a famous maze there. One that's rumored to be haunted by some kind of monster."

Sitting up in his chair, Quint said, "I say, you are a well-informed fellow."

Harry'd paid a rundown British journalist, now going swiftly to ruin in Paris, twenty dollars for information on Alfie Quint and his romantic entanglements before catching a boat for Dover. He saw no need to share that fact with his

client. "Is it this legendary monster who has carried off Esmeralda Plumm?"

Quint said, "Usually I am an extremely level-headed man. Unimaginative is what dear Esmeralda often—"

"But you saw something?"

Nodding forlornly, the Human Kangaroo said, "Sunday, not having to perform, I traveled by rail to Blackmarsh, which is a small coastal town near Eastbourne. The meetings between dear Esmeralda and myself must be, I regret to say, furtive. Especially now, when Sir Peveril is entertaining the Lusitanian Ambassador at Stumbleford Court, his palatial estate in Blackmarsh."

"You and the girl met secretly?"

"We arranged to meet in the maze itself at the hour of midnight this past Sunday."

"Doesn't sound too cheerful."

"It was not, I can assure you, cheerful at all. Yet, when lovers are separated by social boundaries so wide that even the World's Greatest Jumper can't clear them, their meetings needs must be clandestine and uncomfortable." Quint slumped in his chair. "I arrived at the rendezvous a few minutes short of the witching hour, having trudged afoot across the grim moorlands surrounding the isolated Plumm estate. The fog hung oppressively thick all

around and I, who know the intricate paths of the maze as well as I know the streets of London, took more than one wrong turning before I reached the iron bench near the heart of the labyrinth where we were to meet. The time was by now a few minutes beyond midnight, and yet she was not there. Finally, at nearly a quarter past the hour, Esmeralda came running up to me from out the surrounding mist. She was quite obviously much upset and agitated. When I clasped her to me, I could feel her dear heart beating in a highly excited manner."

"What was wrong?" Harry took a puff of his stogie.

"I fear I never obtained the whole and entire story from her," explained Quint. "She was quite upset about something she had recently discovered. It had to do with the Lusitania-Great Britain Treaty and defense plans. That much Esmeralda was able to convey to me. I have the impression, Mr. Challenge, that she feared someone in the Stumbleford Court household was about to—or, indeed, already had, betrayed England to her enemies by passing copies of the treaty and plans on to foreign agents."

"Her brother, for instance?"

Sighing again, Quint said, "You've heard of Wild Jack

Plumm, her eldest brother, then?"

"He was expelled from the Wastrel Club here in London only last month for cheating at cards," said Harry. "He's rumored to be 50,000 pounds in debt and Sir Peveril will no longer bail him out."

"And yet," said the Human Kangaroo, bitterness filling his voice, "he's considered a gentleman and I am not."

Harry asked, "What else did Miss Plumm say?"

"Not a deuced lot. She..." He straightened, snapping his fingers. "Now there's a coincidence—though I imagine, actually, it isn't. Esmeralda was asking me how well I knew Buckskin Sal, and if I'd ever seen her brother visiting Sal here at the theater."

"How'd you answer?"

"Never got the chance, though if I had I'd have explained that I am not close to Sal, whom I find rather uncouth and immodest. I've never seen hide nor hair of Wild Jack Plumm anywhere near the Crystal."

Harry leaned forward. "Tell me about the monster."

"The legend itself goes back to the late 17th Century. The residents of Blackmarsh still give credence to it, although the monster has been seldom seen in recent times. Supposedly, it was old Kingsmill

Plumm who made a pact with the Devil in 1693 and thereby unleashed a dark creature from the bowels of the—"

"How about what you saw on Sunday?"

Quint licked his upper lip. "Esmeralda, poor dear, saw him first. She moved free of my arms, stood up, and screamed," he said. "Turning, I saw him. He was large, shrouded in a black cloak, and his face... well, it wasn't much of a face. It resembled the visage of a corpse who's languished in the mouldering ground for a year or more. Not that I've seen many corpses, but I'm sure you get my general drift."

"What happened then?"

"The brute spoke not a word. Instead, he rushed for Esmeralda. Grabbing her up in a loathsome embrace, he carried her off along a hedgerow."

"While you did what?"

Quint wiped at the corner of his eye. "Nothing," he answered ruefully. "That is, I took one step toward the foul creature and I was struck from behind. A stunning blow that rendered me unconscious for several precious minutes."

"You didn't see who conked you?"

"Not so much as a fleeting glimpse," Quint answered. "As I came to myself, I heard Esmeralda cry out from some distance away. Maddened by

rage, I leaped over the hedge tops—they're only seven feet high—and managed to reach the spot I was certain she had called from. It was in the exact center of the maze, a small clearing with a sundial. Of Esmeralda or the monster there was no trace."

"What'd you do next?"

"I searched the maze until dawn with absolutely no luck."

"And then?"

Quint spread his hands wide. "That is when I behaved rather like a coward. I fled."

"You were afraid to tell Sir Peveril?"

"He'd vowed to horsewhip me should I ever so much as speak to his daughter again," explained the forlorn performer. "Going to the local police was of no use, since they are little more than toadies of Sir Peveril."

"So you engaged us."

"I had been informed that the Challenge Agency is one of the best and most efficient in the world," Quint said. "And that you have been especially effective in solving cases with a possible supernatural element. Since a recent legacy from a great aunt in Australia puts me in a position to pay your far from modest fees, I immediately—"

"I can see why my father was so interested in your case." Harry stood. "This is Thursday.

You haven't heard anything from Esmeralda since Sunday, or anything from her family?"

"Nothing, alas, no."

Harry frowned. "Sort of odd."

"How so? I fail to see—"

"Well, if I were Sir Peveril and my daughter'd disappeared," Harry said, "first thing I'd do would be to check and see if she'd run off with you."

Harry left Victoria Station the next morning on a train bound for Eastbourne. The day was bleak and a fine rain hit at the windows of his first class carriage.

Twenty some minutes after the train had departed, the corridor door slid open to admit two fellow passengers.

The first was a sun-browned man of fifty with a neat cropped moustache so white it almost seemed to glow. Although he wore a tweedy Norfolk suit, there was something decidedly military about his bearing and he swung his Mallaca cane as though it were a swagger stick.

His companion was a huge muffled fellow, carrying an immense wicker picnic basket up in front of his broad chest. He was decked out in a billowing Inverness cape, wore his broadbrimmed felt hat pulled down low on his forehead, a paisley scarf pulled up high over most of his face, and a pair of rimless

dark-tinted spectacles. He sat down opposite Harry, plumped the picnic basket onto the seat and dipped a gloved hand into it. Extracting the latest copy of *The Strand* magazine, he opened it and brought it up in front of his face.

The gentleman of military bearing sat near the window. "Beastly weather," he remarked. "Nothing at all like Rangoon."

"True," agreed Harry, who returned to going over the pages of the notebook resting on his knee.

The train rattled on through the grim, rain-swept morning.

Over half an hour later, while they were passing through sparsely populated, rural countryside, the gentleman with the moustache said, "Jove, I do believe I know who you are, sir."

Harry glanced across at him. "Oh, so?"

"Harry Challenge, ain't you? By way of being a detective."

"I am," he admitted. "I don't think we've ever—"

"Met? No, we never have." He gave a small shrug. "Just wanted to make sure I had the proper chap before giving Tizzo the nod to do you in."

The other passenger shed his magazine and rose up. His hat fell from his shaggy head and he made a rumbling, growling noise.

"Your friend seems to be a

gorilla." Harry reached for his .38.

"Ah, none of that now, Challenge." The cane whistled as it swung out to whack Harry's hand. "Yes, and he's been taught to kill in quite brutal ways. Once Tizzo's finished with you, you'll cease worrying about the treaty any longer."

Harry's right hand went numb. "You and your pet have made a mist—"

"No more chatter," interrupted the military gentleman. "Do him in, Tizzo."

"Unk," replied the gorilla, and grabbed for Harry.

Harry, however, was no longer where he had been. He'd dropped to the floor between the facing seats.

He kicked up, getting the well-dressed gorilla first in the kneecaps and then in the groin.

Tizzo roared, swatting down with a gloved paw.

Legs together and braced on his back, Harry sunk both feet into Tizzo's furry mid-section. He lifted him up and over, tossing him right into the outside door of the railroad carriage.

With another unhappy roar, the gorilla hit the door, ripped it clear of its moorings, and went cannonballing out into the rain. He was already out of sight when they heard the damp thud that signalled his landing in a slanting field beyond the tracks.



"An arrow came whispering in his direction, missed him and grated against the stone wall of the musty tunnel."



Harry started to reach for his revolver with his left hand.

The military gentleman's cane struck again. "I'm deuced miffed at what you've done to Tizzo, I don't mind saying," he said. "He and I have been through a lot together."

Harry's left hand was clutched into a claw shape and scarcely functioning. Using his elbows, he got free of the floor and managed to sit down. "There's really no reason for any roughhousing," he said amiably. "The case I'm working on here in England has absolutely nothing to do with treaties or—"

"Bosh. I know full well what you're about, Challenge." Twisting the gilded handle of his cane, he drew out a glittering, thin-bladed sword. "Once I do for you, I'll heave you out. Much the same rude way you treated poor. . . Ah!"

A pistol shot echoed in the compartment.

The military gentleman staggered, lurched, and, with a helpful kick from Harry, fell off the fast-moving train.

"I do hope, Harry, you won't take my action as an intrusion into your affairs. I know how proud you are of your own prowess in dangerous situations such as this, yet I couldn't merely stand by and watch that scoundrel skewer you with his wicked blade."

"Not offended in the least, Victoria."

A handsome, blonde young woman, dressed in a modest traveling suit and holding an ivory-handled .32 pistol in her left hand, was standing just inside the corridor door. "That's awfully decent of you, Harry."

"Sit down and we'll talk," he invited, flexing his fingers.

Victoria Steele shivered slightly. "If you don't mind, I'd much prefer moving to my own compartment," she said. "Your's is a bit airy now it hasn't

a door."

Harry got to his feet. "Yours'll be cozier." Pausing to gather up Tizzo's abandoned basket of fruit and magazines, he then followed the young woman down the swaying corridor.

"Yes, the fate of the British Empire," repeated Victoria Steele as she efficiently peeled an orange.

Harry sat watching her, the rain pelting on the window beside him. "You tend to see just about everything," he told her, "as a threat to the Empire."

"I must disagree, Harry," she responded. "For while I am a dedicated agent of Her Majesty's Secret Service, I have never allowed that fact to cloud my vision nor warp my judgment."

"And you really think this treaty with Lusitania is that important?"

"In the wrong hands the details of the defense plan could do my country most serious harm." She ate an orange section. "Let me ask you this, Harry. Don't you realize that an unfriendly nation that can afford to employ a trained gorilla to discourage interference means business?"

"Been thinking about that. The gorilla is just the sort of touch that'd appeal to a master spy I've run into before."

"Really?" She concentrated

on the orange.

"Come on, Victoria, Count Dragonthorpe is involved in this, isn't he?"

She didn't meet his eyes. "Dragonthorpe is one of those who *might* be," she conceded.

"He usually works for England's major rivals, especially Germany."

"As do others."

Harry leaned back. "Why are you going to Blackmarsh?"

"That much I can tell you," she said, looking up. "We have reason to believe that Esmeralda Plumm has been kidnapped. I am assuming you're interested in the very same abduction."

He nodded. "Reason to believe? Hasn't Sir Peveril gone to the authorities or—"

"He has not, no. Our information comes from . . . Well, since Ambassador Lazarillo of Lusitania is Sir Peveril's houseguest, we've seen to it that our interests are represented on the household staff." Frowning, she studied Harry's face for a few seconds. "Didn't Sir Peveril hire you?"

"Nope."

Victoria thoughtfully ate another slice of orange. "What can be the old gentleman's reasons for keeping silent?"

"Most likely the kidnappers warned him," said Harry. "Any idea who they are?"

She hesitated before answer-

ing, "None whatsoever. I've been dispatched to Blackmarsh to assist our agents already in the vicinity. As you can imagine, we haven't as yet approached Sir Peveril directly and, therefore, must conduct our investigation without his knowledge or co-operation."

"You obviously think her disappearance ties in with an attempt to get the details of the treaty."

"It may, yes. Though I needn't caution you about the dangers in jumping to conclu—"

"What details of her kidnapping do you have?"

"Precious few," replied the blonde secret agent. "Esmeralda Plumm slipped out of Stumbleford Court fairly close to the hour of midnight this past Sunday. She has not returned."

"Has anyone contacted Sir Peveril?"

"That we do not know," said Victoria. "Might I ask who your client is and how much you know about the girl's vanishment?"

Harry grinned. "Can't tell you who our client is," he said. "And I don't know much more about what happened to Esmeralda Plumm than you people do."

"Must I remind you again, Harry, that your failure to be helpful in this investigation may jeopardize the entire British—"

"I'll find her," he said, "on my own."

"I had entertained the hope, most especially after I prevented that vile pair of foreign agents from doing away with you, that you'd be willing to work with me."

Harry reached across to pick an apple from the basket. "Only up to a point," he said.

As midnight neared, Harry was climbing across the Blackmarsh downs, wearing an oilskin coat and carrying a bullseye lantern. At his back, a mile or more downhill, were the chalky cliffs that dropped down to the black foamy water of the Channel. The beam of the Blackmarsh lighthouse was sweeping the rainy night and the roar of the sea carried this far.

High grass grew all around, along with heather and gorse. Harry turned up the collar of the coat he'd bought in the village that afternoon. Illuminating the way ahead with his lantern, he trudged through the night toward the maze at the edge of the Plumm estate.

Another wet and windy mile and he was at the two stone lions that guarded the entrance to the maze. It covered, according to research Harry'd done in both London and the village of Blackmarsh, over three acres. An intricate labyrinth of twist-

ing paths and trimmed hedges that were near seven feet high and two feet thick.

Giving the lefthand lion a lazy salute with his free hand, Harry entered the maze. He had the momentary impression that the sound of the hard-falling rain had diminished.

He walked straight ahead for fifty yards, then turned into a lane on his right to walk another hundred yards. He hung his lantern on a hedge at chest level. Silently he moved back to the mouth of the lane, pressed his back to the high, thick hedge, and waited.

In just three minutes, a figure in a night-black slicker stepped into the lane. Lunging, Harry caught the follower in a hammerlock.

"My gracious, Harry. There's no need for all this viol—"

"We're not working on this, Victoria," he reminded, letting the pretty secret agent loose. "So quit tailing—"

"One doesn't talk to a representative of Her Majesty's government in such a rude way," Victoria informed him. "Let me, however, explain why I tailed you—to use your vulgarity."

"Do. Swiftly."

"I was perplexed," she confided. "I must own that I have followed you for several hours, curious as to what you were up to in Blackmarsh." She gave a

puzzled shrug. "You haven't gone near Stumbleford Court until now. Instead, you prowled the village, talking to fisher-folk, loafers, even a youth I'm certain is the village idiot or—"

"Actually he's a noted author of novels of mystery and detection, vacationing here and dressed in what he fancies to be rustic style. Continue."

"You spent a good two hours in the town hall, then you sat around in the cottage of a retired professor from a small college in Eastbourne and chatted endlessly."

"Your agents should've been doing the same."

"For the life of me, Harry, I—"

"Loafers see a lot," he explained. "Such things as, at least three meetings on the beach between Wild Jack Plumm—he of the enormous gambling debts—and Buckskin Sal. I'd bet she's working for Count Dragonthorpe, using her mobility as an internationally known Wild West sharpshooter and trick shot to cover her espionage activities."

"Ah, that confirms a suspicion of mine." Victoria nodded her head and rain came splashing off her hat. "Jack Plumm is the weak link, the one who agreed to get copies of the treaty and defense plans from Ambassador Lazarillo during his stay at Stumbleford Court."

"Seems like."

"But where does that ancient scholar fit into—"

"He happens to be a keen student of local history," answered Harry as rain trickled down his neck. "I figured that Blackmarsh, like many a town on this coast, was up to its ears in the smuggling trade in the 17th and 18th Centuries. It was, the professor assured me, and several of the Plumms were involved. Hence, they created the legend about the monster so that folks would stay away from this—"

Harry, your lantern just vanished!"

He shoved her aside, spun, and yanked out his .38 revolver.

Standing in front of the dangling lantern and masking much of its glow was a large cloaked figure. What Harry could see of its head indicated that this was none other than the celebrated monster of the maze.

"Vicky, cover our rear." Harry ran right toward the monster.

"Begone!" it warned. "Lest death be thy fate."

"Carrying on in the family tradition, huh, Jack?" Harry shot him in the leg.

"I say, old man, that was hardly sporting." The monster swayed, slumped, fell over in a faint. He made a soggy sound when he hit the ground.

Behind Harry, two shots were fired.

"Got them, Harry," called Victoria. "Two low rascals bent on coshing us. Who's that you have?"

Harry lifted the mask from the unconscious man's face. "Looks a good deal like Wild Jack."

She came hurrying over, held the lantern close. "Yes, that's he," she agreed. "What a pity he betrayed his native land and aided in the abduction of his sister."

"They had to keep her quiet for a while."

"But even so, he—"

"I hate to suggest this, but it could be Jack's simply not a gentleman."

"Shame he's passed out, for now he can't lead us to where his poor sister is hidden."

Reaching out, Harry took hold of her hand. "Come along," he invited, "and I'll show you."

Harry pointed at the sundial in the center of the clearing at the heart of the rain-swept maze. "Shine the light on this piece that casts the shadow. Notice the stuff tangled around it?"

"Some sort of moss or—"

"Nope, it's crepe hair. From Wild Jack's fright-wig. Means he's been fooling with this thing." Harry crouched slightly, taking hold of the copper part. He tried twisting it to the left,

got no results and twisted it to the right.

A great rumbling commenced directly beneath them. Slowly, a marble slab just beyond the base of the venerable sundial began to slide open.

"A secret stairway leading underground," exclaimed Victoria, shining the lantern beam on the mossy stone steps.

"Built by the smugglers on the Plumm family tree," Harry got his pistol out again and started descending the stairway. "More than likely there's a tunnel leading from here to a cave down near the shore."

"This must be where they're holding Esmeralda Plumm."

"That's how I...duck!" He dropped to one knee at the foot of the stairs, firing his pistol into the dimness ahead.

An arrow came whispering in his direction, missed him and grated against the stone wall of the musty tunnel.

"Hot dang," muttered someone in the tunnel.

Harry moved on, then swung out with his left hand and landed a solid punch on the jaw of Buckskin Sal before she could fit another arrow to her bow.

"Son of a gun!" the dark-haired lady grunted before she tumbled over into unconsciousness.

"You really ought to have

allowed me the opportunity of punching her." Victoria caught up with him. "After all, hitting a woman isn't exactly—"

"Didn't bother me at all," he assured her, as he stopped to gather up the bow and a quiver of arrows.

They found Esmeralda Plumm all alone in a small stonewalled room. She was trussed up with old rope, gagged with a soiled red bandana, and propped against a wine barrel atop of which a stubby candle sputtered.

"I'd rather been hoping and praying," Esmeralda said after Harry removed the gag and started cutting away the oily ropes, "that Alfred Quint would be the one to rescue me from this den of spies. That might well have impressed my father and—"

"Alfie hired me," explained Harry. "Where are the rest of the spies?"

"Oh, I'm glad you reminded me," said the pretty golden-haired girl. "That wicked Count Dragonthorpe departed only moments ago to meet a submarine boat down on the beach. My wicked brother obtained a copy of the Lusitania-Great Britain Treaty. They've had the papers for several days but the exchange with foreign agents could not be made until tonight. Thus, when they

thought I might betray them before they could complete their evil scheme, they abducted me and—"

"You can tell us all the details later." Harry folded his jack-knife and dropped it into a pocket.

"My unfortunate, though often pigheaded, father was helpless to act, even though he suspected what had happened, because he was warned I'd come to serious harm unless he kept absolutely silent and allowed—"

"Stay with her, Vicky." Carrying the borrowed bow and arrow, Harry started off along the tunnel that would lead him down to the sea and the narrow Blackmarsh beach.

Harry saw the submarine before he saw the count. The craft was rising up out of the night sea about half a mile off the narrow gritty strip of beach. It was the first such he'd ever encountered and he was impressed by the bulky ugliness of the thing.

He spotted Count Dragonthorpe then, a small man in a grey suit and a bowler hat that looked to be about a size too small. The master spy was about a hundred yards down the beach from the mouth of the small cave from which Harry had emerged.

Dragonthorpe was facing the

rising submarine, signaling to it with a lantern. A portmanteau rested on the sand beside his feet.

"Jig's up," called Harry.

The count flinched. That caused his hat to rise off his head and go cartwheeling away on the rainy wind. Dragonthorpe touched at his crinkly blond hair, glanced back at Harry with a deep frown, and, snatching up the black portmanteau, started running.

"Halt!" warned Harry.

The spy kept running.

Following, Harry fit an arrow to the bow. He stopped, took careful aim, quickly calculated the effect the wind and rain would have on the flight, and shot at the fleeing Dragonthorpe.

The arrow flew true, hitting the escaping spy square in the backside. He howled, flapped his arms, and dropped the portmanteau. He stumbled and dropped to his knees on the night beach.

"Right this way, lads! A dozen men to the boats, another dozen for the count!"

Gunshots sounded.

Ignoring everything, Harry ran along the beach.

The felled count was struggling to reach inside his coat for a weapon, though a tap on the skull from the butt of Harry's pistol discouraged that and put the crinklyhaired spy

to sleep.

"That was absolutely marvelous, if you don't mind my saying," Victoria joined him. Kneeling, he pried open the port-manteau. "Yes, as we suspected, this contains copies of the treaty and the defense plans."

"What was the shooting and hollering about?"

"I decided to follow you in case a ruse was needed," she explained, standing and brushing sand from her rainslicker. "It was, and, I must say, it worked handsomely. Those rogues were about to lower a boat from that underwater dreadnaught. Believing that a large force had arrived, they have turned tail."

Glancing seaward, Harry saw that the submarine was sinking from view. "You were damned convincing apparently."

Victoria smiled at him, then rose on tiptoe to kiss him politely on the cheek. "That was to express my deep-felt gratitude."

Harry eyed her. "Well, it's a start," he said.

The night Harry took his leave of London, it was raining. The platforms inside Victoria Station were crowded with departing travelers carrying dripping umbrellas or trying to furl them without losing any luggage.

Harry was still some distance from his first class compartment on the Continental boat-train when he became aware that he was being trailed by someone unusual. The passengers walking toward him were gazing around him, blinking, gasping, chuckling or feigning indifference.

Halting, reaching unobtrusively inside his coat, Harry turned.

A terrier pup in a tweedy suit was walking in his wake, balanced on its hind legs and clutching a toy trumpet.

Kneeling, Harry let go of the handle of his .38 revolver and extended his hand toward the dog. "Going on the road, Paddy?"

The dog musician, dropping his instrument, went on all fours and ran up to Harry. He snapped, got hold of the detective's coat cuff with his teeth, and started tugging.

"Paddy! Paddy, you rogue! What's become of you?"

"He's seeing me off, Professor Bascom," Harry stood, with the terrier dangling from his left sleeve, and waved his right hand.

The professor emerged from behind a plump lady with an immense feather boa encircling her. "Ah, this is a pleasant surprise," he said, catching hold of Paddy and tugging. "Must I remind you again, you

rascal, that Mr. Challenge is a friend of ours?"

"You and your dog orchestra leaving London?"

"Not at all." The terrier came loose, taking a small swatch of Harry's coat with him. "Look what you've done, Paddy! For shame! We're here, along with some of the other performers from the Crystal Theatre, to see Alfie Quint and his bride off on their European honeymoon."

"Bride?" Harry rubbed his torn coat.

"Come along and exchange a few pleasantries."

Following the professor and the forlorn Paddy, and carrying the dog's trumpet, Harry backtracked to another compartment. Its doors stood open and it was crowded with flowers, hampers of food, travel rugs and people. A tall, lean young man was standing on the damp platform juggling three bottles of champagne.

The goldenhaired Esmeralda Plumm caught sight of Harry, cried out, and pushed free of the compartment. Hugging him, she said, "How very nice of you to come wish us *bon voyage*, Mr. Challenge. For had it not been for you we—"

"Actually, I'm departing myself," he explained as he moved back from her grasp and turned the trumpet over to Professor Bascom. "Going back to Paris for a few—"

"We're bound for Paris, ourselves, my dear Alfred and I. The first stop on our honeymoon will . . . Alfred! Over here, my darling." She called and waved to someone moving down the platform.

Quint, wearing a conservative grey suit and a bowler hat, came bounding over. He cleared a high stack of luggage and landed beside Harry and Esmeralda. "I purchased *The Strand* for you, my love, as well as the *Pall Mall* and . . . I say, Challenge, it's quite thoughtful of you to have come out on a foul night like this to—"

"He didn't," said Esmeralda. "Mr. Challenge is journeying to Dover to catch a boat to Paris."

Nodding, the Human Kangaroo said, "We owe you a good deal, Challenge, more than we can ever repay in—"

"You did pay the bill my father sent, didn't you?"

"To be sure, two days ago."

"Then you don't owe us anything."

Quint said, "I was alluding to intangible feelings, such as deep gratitude. Not only did you save dear Esmeralda's life and aid the British government, but you made smooth the way for us to wed."

Harry frowned. "How did I do that exactly?"

Esmeralda inclined her head toward the left. "Have you chanced to notice that woebe-

gone figure down there near the obese opera diva in the unsightly furs? A frail old gentleman all muffled up in an overcoat and scarf?"

"Would that be your father, Sir Peveril Plumm?"

"It is he, yes. Or rather a shadow of his former self."

"He's not sharing your—"

"Not at all," said Quint quickly.

"Father is going into exile, actually," explained Esmeralda. "He's severed his connections with our government and intends to live on the Continent for some time to come. He feels he's been disgraced."

"Because your brother was in cahoots with the spies?"

"Exactly." The young woman sighed. "Despite all my wild brother's follies up to now, my father remained fond of him. He firmly believed that I should be the one to disgrace him finally."

"Wild Jack's arrest in this espionage matter quite took the wind out of the old duffer's sails," said Quint, shaking his head. "So much so that he gave us his consent to be married."

"Plus a substantial dowry," added Esmeralda, smiling faintly. "It is my theory that father feels so deeply ruined by what Jack's done that my marrying beneath my class no longer seems important. The

Plumm name is so tarnished that nothing else matters."

"Not exactly flattering to me," said Quint, slipping an arm around his bride's slim waist, "yet I'm willing to put up with a bit of a slight so long as I can have Esmeralda as mine."

Father will come around in time," said Esmeralda confidently. "Why, a moment ago I do believe I noticed his glancing in our direction with fondness in his tear-stained old eyes. Did you notice, Mr. Challenge?"

"I did," Harry lied. "Sir Peveril seems to be mellowing even as he stands there." Grinning, he shook hands with the groom, wished them both well, and took his leave.

He was nearly to his compartment again when an arm was linked with his.

"What a most satisfying coincidence," said Victoria Steele, smiling up at him as they walked side by side. "Don't tell me, Harry, you are bound for the Continent?"

"I'm going back to Paris. And you?"

"Why, I am bound for Paris, too," she replied, "on a most important errand. Would I be imposing, do you think, if I shared your compartment with you?"

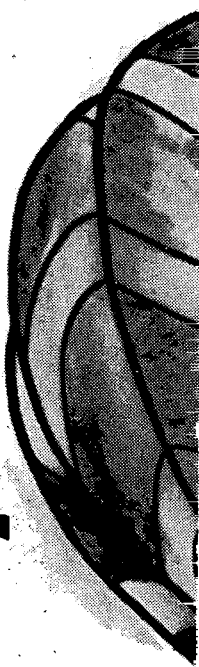
Harry opened the door for her.

"Not at all."



halm

*"You don't have to respect me in the morning, General.
Just tell me how many MX missiles will be ensloed
in Montana."*



CROSSINGS

by Charles L. Harness

South of the checkpoint, the Brocken rose up like a mailed fist. The highest mountain in North Germany, yet not much of a mountain, really; only eleven hundred meters. But history and legend more than compensated for lack of height. The Druids had reveled darkly here long before Christ, and on Walpurgisnacht witches had gamboled wildly among the granite blocks strewn on the forested dome. At the mountain top could still be seen (though half-hidden for centuries in the scrub growth and brambles) a weathered stone bench, which archeologists had identified as an ancient pagan altar. One could visualize the diabolical ceremony, the sacrificial virgin, the blood spurting into the alabaster cup, the Black Shadow summoned.

The post officer, Leutnant Schmidt, had memorized long sections of the Brocken scene in *Faust*. . . the insane cries of the female devil creatures. . . Faust dancing with the

Espritage

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young witch . . . Mephistopheles' warning to stay away from Lilith.

But the Brocken offered child's fare as well. Humperdinck had cast *Hansel und Gretel* here.

On his days off from his border post, the lieutenant liked to drive up the coiling road to the crest (civilians not allowed) and look out to distant dreams through the clutter of Russian radar antennae. To the east, Magdeburg and the Elbe; to the south, the Thuringian Forest; to the west, the village of Torfhaus, in West Germany. His mouth twisted in grim humor. The East German guidebooks now touted a big selling point for prospective tourists: "From the viewing platform one can see West Germany."

During the last twenty-four hours, the Russians had been up and down the border admonishing the commandants to be watchful, and posting photos of a badly wanted criminal, one Mikhail Vyesnik, age twenty-three, blond, blue eyes, 180 centimeters, 75 kilos. Reward for capture: alive, one hundred thousand roubles; dead, ten thousand roubles.

Vyesnik's crime? Nobody seemed to know.

And suppose Lieutenant Schmidt, single-handed, captured the fleeing felon, alive and unharmed? He was under no illusions about the reward. The colonel commandant would get ten percent; the rest would go to the K.G.B. Such is life.

Just now, Lieutenant Schmidt was listening carefully to the faint two-pulse shriek of the siren. Faint, but growing rapidly louder. It was certainly headed down the gravel road toward his gatehouse. He sighed and put his magazine down on the battered gray metal desk. On second thought, he opened the bottom drawer and shoved the magazine inside. The periodical contained no Goethe or Humperdinck. It was, in fact, an American girlie magazine, considered as contraband when found on visitors entering East Germany from the West. He had a deal with his counterpart in the West gatehouse, who confiscated them, then divided them from time to time with him.

The lieutenant got leisurely to his feet and walked to the door. Best look alive. You never know. The squad had already assembled, four on each side of the road, two in the middle, and they held their Kalashnikovs unslung and at the ready.

The car, an expensive ZIL touring model, was careening

around the last curve, followed by a coiling dust plume. Schmidt could make out two occupants in the front seat. A civilian in a strange black hat, long hair, and dark top-coat was driving. Next to him sat a young Vopo.

Schmidt frowned. He knew trouble when he saw it coming. It was going to be one of those days when no matter what you did, it was wrong.

The car screeched to a halt a dozen meters from the striped gate bar. The driver jumped out, spotted Schmidt, pulled out a red card from an inner jacket pocket, and ran over to thrust it into his face.

"K.G.B." shouted the newcomer.

Lieber Gott, thought Schmidt. No wonder he looks peculiar. He's a *woman*! Worse and worse. He retreated half a step. Male or female, summer or winter, they wore their black coats and hats. Women officials in general made him uneasy. They tried so hard to function correctly that they tended to be merciless. The Russians were the worst, and the K.G.B. women officers he had encountered were impossible.

Most Russian female officers (he reflected) looked like short men in padded skirts, or men with sex changes. But not this one. This female *oberst* was a damn good-looking woman. Not that that helped. Well, female or not, and no matter how pretty, with the K.G.B. there was an obligatory procedure. She would file charges against him if he failed to follow it to the letter.

"*Bitte*, Comrade Colonel," he said, "come in and sign the register."

"*Dummkopf!*" she screamed. "*Look!*" She pointed overhead.

The squad had already noted the heavenly object approaching majestically barely a hundred meters over the highway. The gentle afternoon breeze was wafting the balloon in a course paralleling the highway, and it would cross the border within a couple of minutes.

"Shoot! *Schiessen sie! Strelyat!*" yelled the woman. "*Schnell!*" She pulled out a nine-millimeter Tokarev automatic and began firing in the general direction of the balloon.

The lieutenant barked rapid orders to his squad. "Aim at the basket!" At least he would be able to say the would-be

emigrant died in crossing. He noticed then that the sole occupant of the basket seemed to be waving at them. "Keep it up!" he shouted. The chap was probably going to get away. Secretly, he was glad. He had often thought of walking out himself, but the right opportunity hadn't yet come along. He knew that of the four or five hundred a year that crossed, most were border guards — the Grenzpolizei, like himself. Wait for the right moment, when the mind behind the rifle sight is bewildered. Patience, Schmidt!

And now the great beautiful thing was over the border, across the wire into the West, and freedom. "Cease fire!" he called.

"No! No!" shrieked the woman. "Keep shooting! You must! He's still alive! I saw him move!"

"Comrade Colonel," explained Leutnant Schmidt reasonably, "he's over the border. We don't shoot them, they don't shoot us. Those are the rules."

"But you *must*!" She was perspiring. Her eyes were popping.

The men had lowered their rifles and were watching her in open-mouthed awe. The leutnant had seen fear before. This was fear. This female's career was on the line. She was howling at him, and it was hard to understand her. "The man up there is not just a stupid border-jumper! *That man is Mikhail Vyestnik!* There is a tremendous reward!"

Vyestnik! Russia's most wanted criminal! Somehow, that made Leutnant Schmidt very happy. But he didn't show it. He said stiffly, "Comrade Colonel, it is *strenglich verboten* — strictly forbidden — to pursue anyone — *anyone* — across the border!"

The visitor's face showed torment. Through clenched teeth, she ground out a parting word as she scurried back to the car. "I'll have your job for this, you gutless worm! Open the gate!"

"I can't do that," said Schmidt. "Even an official of the state has to have an exit visa. And, in any case, you must sign —"

"This is hot pursuit, leutnant. Raise the bar or I will drive through it." The woman's rage had solidified her features into something terrifying.

"Even if I let you through, you still can't crash the West-gate," warned the officer. "They'll shoot you."

"Open!" she cried, "or I'll shoot you!"

"You're crazy," muttered Schmidt. "*Ganz wahnsinnig*. But so are all Russians." He nodded to the corporal. The bar went up, tires shrieked, gravel showered the lieutenant, and the ZIL caromed down the road. I hope they pepper you good, he thought.

He went inside the hut, got his binoculars, and watched the car come to a halt at the West border station. Odd. There was a tank there. An American M-60-A3. The 105 mm. cannon, though pointed in the general direction of the oncoming ZIL, did not seem particularly threatening. In fact, the tank driver was standing outside the machine, one hand on the monster's gray flank, lower jaw moving rhythmically; a relaxed welcoming committee of one.

The K.G.B. woman and her Vopo assistant got out, had some words with the driver, and then climbed up into the tank. Had they been arrested? Hard to say. It all seemed very friendly. The American had given the Vopo something, which the youth peeled and stuck in his mouth. Good heavens! Chewing gum! What was going on? As he watched, the tank clanked around on one tread and trundled off, headed, he supposed, for Torfhaus.

And so back to the balloon. There it was, sinking down beyond a line of trees. Now that he had time to think about it, it seemed really quite small. The B.G.S. had been briefed on balloons. The famous Wetzel hot-air balloon of 1979 had been about twenty-five meters across, but it had had to lift four adults and four children. This one had to lift only one 75-kilo man, but it was only seven or eight meters across. How could it do it? He focussed on the fast-disappearing man in the basket, who was still waving. Back . . . forth . . . back . . . forth. Like clockwork. In fact, very much like a dummy mannekin waving a clockwork arm. He noted then that the creature had no head. It had been shot away, but the arm kept waving.

Nobody had escaped in the balloon. It had been a ruse all along, a marvelous hoax. The escapees were the couple in the tank. The Vopo was Vvestnik. The tank had been waiting for them.

He'd have to get back to the phone. And put together a good story. A *very* good story. No point in upsetting the colonel in Magdeburg. Explain it this way. . . .balloon. . .

probably wounded the balloonist... K.G.B. in hot pursuit... apparently arrested on the other side. How did that sound? No. Sooner or later, they'd find out. They'd ask him why he opened the gate for the criminal and the American spy.

His great-uncle Peter used to tell him about days on the eastern front in 1943. "Some days, Hansi, were worse than other days."

From the corner of his eye, he studied the corporal. The man looked dazed. Leutnant Schmidt shrugged, turned away, and started walking down the road to the West. As he walked, he thought of a line from Juvenal: "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" Who guards the guards?

Maybe he'd get shot in the back, and maybe he wouldn't. He didn't really think he would be. 

Did you know...

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Now aged 44, Young was evacuated from London to Yorkshire as a child during World War II, lost contact with his mother, and was never told the identity of his father. His mother, a civil servant, had had an affair with Philby when the Foreign Office spy was lodging in her London home.



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LETTER FROM MOSCOW

by Isak Romun

It had been an ordinary enough day in the Public Affairs Office, until the letter came. There had been a near flap when the photographer failed to show for the "Soldier of the Month" award. But Specialist Pilcroy covered nicely by grabbing a Polaroid and getting to the general's office before a crisis developed. Other than that close call, everything had gone fairly well. In one corner of the office, a civilian information specialist edited copy for the *Custis Courier*, the post newspaper, while another thought hard and long—and futilely—on how to put life into a story about the Officers Wives Club.

Then the letter arrived.

When Sergeant Donna Henderson brought it into Major Ramy's office and told the public affairs officer from whence it came, he sprang to his feet, leaned far over his desk, and looked at the non-com with incredulous eyes. His features sagged in limp disbelief.

"Where," he gasped, "where did you say it was from?"

"Moscow."

"That's what I thought you said. What . . . what does it say? Read it!"

Sergeant Henderson had been holding the letter at arm's length for the major to take. Since he appeared disinclined

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to do so, she brought her arm back, and with fingers that might have been manipulating a jelly doughnut removed the flimsy from its airmail envelope. She unfolded the paper into a small, crinkly square, and said, "The letterhead says it's from the Carpatho-Russian Agency for Political Science."

"What's it say, woman?"

"Not much. It reads, 'Respectfully request a copy of your 26th May edition of the *Custis Courier*. Our thanks. Miri Tomski-Poslach, Director.'"

Ramy fell back into his chair. "Get Pilcroy in here," he said weakly.

A moment later, a young, eye-glassed specialist fourth class with a yellow pencil stuck behind his ear, entered the room. He was holding the letter. Behind him, Sergeant Henderson hovered half in and half out of the office, torn between curiosity and a strong desire not to get further involved in what promised to be a full-dress liz-ard drill.

"You read it?" Ramy asked the specialist.

"I did, sir. We have a lot of extra copies. I put that one to bed myself. Wrote the lead story about the doctor shortage. Should I shoot a copy off?"

Major Ramy was back on his feet and, in the doorway, Sergeant Henderson raised nervous fingers to her lips.

"Are you out of your gourd, man?" the major hissed, straining at each syllable.

"I don't get it, sir. What harm can there be in a copy of our 26 May issue?"

"Hah, that's the question I'd like answered. That's why I called you in. You're the page editor. What harm? I don't know what harm, but you can bet your bottom dollar there's something in there they want, something in there they've heard of and want more details about."

"The *Custis Courier* with stuff the Russians are interested in?"

"Look, Pilcroy," the major, once more in his seat, whined despairingly, "I'm not about to fathom it. I'm just sweating what the Old Man's going to do when I have to buck this matter upstairs to him. Someone must be responsible; someone else. Is there a regulation?"

Now, Sergeant Henderson came into the room and stepped in front of Pilcroy, blocking him off from the major. She was a smart-looking, attractive woman in her late twenties with streaked blonde hair drawn back in a tight, businesslike bun. She was the NCOIC, non-commissioned officer in charge, of the Fort Custis Public Affairs Office and, until the advent of Pilcroy some months back, had effectively run both the office and Major

Ramy.

"I'm sure AR 360-81 covers this, sir," she said brightly.

"Well, please, Sergeant," Ramy said heavily, "if I'm not being entirely too troublesome, could you let me know, providing you can find the appropriate passage, just what the Army Regulation says?"

Henderson, droop-shouldered, exited the office, avoiding the major's choleric face and Specialist Pilcroy's amused half-smile turned on her retreating back. In about two minutes she was back with a worn, coverless booklet in her hands.

"Here it is," she announced. "In para 2-20."

"Read it, please," Ramy whistled between his teeth.

"It says, 'All requests from Communist countries for newspapers serving Army units or installations, or for other information pertaining to Army activities, will be forwarded to HQDA paren DAMI-DOA unparen WASH DC 20310. A copy of the material requested will be included.'"

"All that means, sir," Pilcroy said authoritatively, "is that we have to send this letter and a 26 May copy of the *Courier* to Department of the Army."

"No fuss, no bother for us," Sergeant Henderson put in hurriedly. "The General'll surely buy—"

"—passing the buck up to DA," Pilcroy interrupted.

Major Ramy sprawled in his swivel chair, a figure of relieved exhaustion, happy at the thought of this cup passing from him to some anonymity in Washington.

"Ah," he breathed contentedly, "there's our out."

"O h God," moaned Colonel Pugh, "look at this."

"What's that, sir?" Lieutenant Colonel Crabtree asked from his desk.

The office was in the Pentagon and the desks were crowded close together. At the Pentagon, only generals got anything near the space and privacy approximating the reflective environment required to do "think" jobs. It was an irony of the system that Colonel Pugh, in a lower echelon job, would rate a spacious private office with, perhaps, a carpet on the floor and a shiny cherrywood desk behind which to sit. Even Lieutenant Colonel Crabtree would rate his own office though not too finely appointed. But in Washington, at the seat of the Army's power, these two men, holding down important military intelligence assignments, were squeezed together in a small, partitioned cubicle, their gun-metal-gray desks touching each other

front to front. Thus, Pugh, in reply to Crabtree's question, had merely to reach over his desktop and drop the two letters and the newspaper before the light colonel.

Crabtree quickly read the letter of transmittal from Fort Custis, then addressed himself to the Russian letter of request. He looked absently at the *Custis Courier* before looking across at his boss. "What's it mean?"

"I only wish I knew," Pugh replied. "We've had requests before from CRAPS—"

"CRAPS?"

"Look at the letterhead. Carpatho-Russian Agency for Political Science. CRAPS. Get it?"

"Sounds like a joke."

"It's hardly that. Each time, in the past, we've spotted some highly significant story in the post newspaper CRAPS asked for."

"Classified stuff?"

Colonel Pugh puckered his lips and looked thoughtfully up at the ceiling. It was made of stained squares of a sound-proofing material, shot through with holes like perfect slices of Swiss cheese. He regarded these for a moment, counting the holes along one row. When he counted fifteen, he depressed his gaze and answered Crabtree. "Not classified. Sensitive is the better word. Aid-

and-comfort types of stories. That kind of thing."

"In the *Custis Courier*?" Crabtree said wonderingly. "The lead story is about the doctor shortage there and the retrenchment of medical services for retired personnel living in the area. The story below that is a little stunner entitled 'Army Mechanics Light Up Wichita,' and is about some kind of competition between military and civilian mechanics. Is that sort of thing important?"

"Could be. A seemingly harmless story might have what they're looking for. We'll have to get an analyst cracking on this."

Crabtree sighed. "In the meanwhile, what do we tell CRAPS?"

Colonel Pugh searched about beneath his desk blotter. "We have a canned response for that. Ah, here it is: Your interest in paren name of publication unparen—we'd put *Custis Courier* in there—is appreciated. However, your request should be directed through our in-country Military Attaché to HQDA paren DAMI-FL unparen WASH DC 20310."

"What does that do?"

"I don't know. We haven't had one request come through those channels."

"Then that's all there is to it, sir?"

"Not by a long shot. They'll

try to get what they want some other way. And they'll be successful. What we've got to do is defuse the situation. Here, you take care of answering CRAPS. I'm going to sic Anderson on 'em. If anyone can get to the bottom of this, Andy can."

Captain Anderson was young, energetic, thorough, and inclined to view any job given him from the standpoint of career enhancement. This meant fattening his records maintained at the Army's Military Personnel Center with outstanding efficiency ratings, letters of commendation and appreciation, copies of diplomas from military schools, a running account of his progress toward a master's degree, and anything else that would be viewed happily by the capricious individuals populating Army promotion boards.

The way things were now, though, what with cutbacks of money and personnel, perhaps top ratings and all the other paraphernalia of achievement were not enough. After all, the rating system, like the economic system, was inflated. The average point rating on efficiency reports for captains Army-wide was an incredible 198 out of a possible 200. Ergo, all Army captains were outstanding! The only way for

one's light to shine through this morass of excellence was to tackle some job of high visibility and bring it off resoundingly.

And this is what Captain Anderson saw in *Operation Custis*, as he called the job assigned him by Colonel Pugh. He saw OC (shortened word form) as the steppingstone to a major's gold leaves. Pugh had intimated broadly that Anderson's success would be carefully documented and a copy of the documentation might just find its way to the promotion board, due to meet in about a month's time.

But OC was not yielding results. In the locked and bolted Analysis Room, guarded by an armed MP outside the door, Anderson had arranged *Custis Courier* clippings under various headings speedballed by him on oak tag and pinned above the fluttering newsprint. Anderson had sent to Fort Custis for extra copies of the 26 May issue of the *Courier* and had used these to clip out and tack the paper's stories on the cork walls of the Analysis Room. Other copies had been sent to various intelligence offices for detection of codes and ciphers, paper evaluation, a rundown on the *Courier's* masthead names of unwholesome associations, and any one of the number of things that might

provide an answer to the question, What in or about the 26 May edition of the *Custis Courier* is of interest to CRAPS?

Captain Anderson felt morally certain, though, that the answer was already there in the Analysis Room in which he toiled night and day looking at its paper-festooned walls. He had read each *Courier* story at least ten times trying to fathom the deeper significance of one or more of them. He had done and redone the headings several times, shifting the clippings about, sometimes placing one story under more than one heading. Now, after a week, and with a briefing due to be given Colonel Pugh in just one more day, Anderson was no nearer a solution—and major's leaves—than he had been when he started out. He hadn't seen his wife and child in days and would make excuses not to talk when she called up. He was close to driving everyone in the office crazy with his single-minded demands. Just moments before, he had had the office's sergeant major into the Analysis Room for a last-ditch effort at discovering gold amongst the pyrites on the walls.

"Is there *anything* up there that you can see, Sergeant Major?" Anderson asked. "Anything at all?"

"We've been over this before,

sir," the sergeant major replied. "I see nothing at all, sir. As if I was blind, sir."

"Look around. Look all around. Slowly. Remember, it may be a matter of national security. Give it your best."

The sergeant major blinked wearily but turned to one of the walls and began checking each of the articles. As he came to a heading, he intoned, litany-like, its name. "Community Affairs. Military Achievements. Sports. Morale and Esprit. Fund Drives. Chaplain Matters. Civil Service. Education and Training. Retiree Affairs. Alcohol and Drug Abuse. Public Relations. Special Services. No, sir, I can't put my finger on anything. Maybe we've been looking too long."

"Maybe you're right, Sergeant Major. Thanks anyway."

After he let the noncom out, Captain Anderson sat down at the table in the middle of the room and continued attacking his problem. But it was drudgery. He hadn't slept in thirty-six hours, it was late, and he found himself fighting off sleep, contemplating the release that could be his just by stretching himself out full-length on the hard table and closing—

He stood up, suddenly, and shook his head violently to dispel these dangerous thoughts. Then he went to a small adjoining toilet and massaged his face with ice-cold water. Back

in the cork-lined room, his vigor seemed to return. At any rate, a new determination shaped his features. He no longer looked at the walls. Instead he stared at the door to the room.

"By God," he said aloud, "I've held off as long as I can. Now I have no choice!"

He strode to the door, unbolted it, and knocked for the guard to let him out. In a large outer room with multiple rows of desks, he went to his workplace. From his pocket, he pulled out his keys, fumbled with them until he found the one that unlocked his single-pedestal desk. He unlocked the desk, moved the lock drawer out to release the others, and then opened the bottom-most drawer. From it, he took a slim, rectangular wooden box secured with a catch. He held the box firmly in a pressure-whitened fist and went back to the Analysis Room.

Inside, he placed the box in the center of the table. The box was a well-made receptacle of highly polished cherrywood with brass fittings. For long moments, Anderson just stood there staring down at the box. Then he slumped into a chair and reached for the box as a lush would reach for a bottle. He undid the latch with nervous fingers and lifted the lid.

Inside the box were three

green-feathered brass darts, perfectly weighted and tipped with shafts of stainless steel.

He selected the center dart, pushed everything on the table to one end and got up on the table. He closed his eyes and slowly turned until his already befogged mind seemed to be floating in space, quite out of control. When he felt dizzy enough, he let the dart fly and was satisfied to hear the soft *thunk* of its steel point entering cork.

"I knew old Andy'd come through," Colonel Pugh exclaimed. "His report's a blisterer. I read that story on the medical cut-back but only now I see its potential danger."

"The one about withholding medical services from retirees because of the doctor shortage?" Lieutenant Colonel Crabtree asked.

"That's the one."

"What's so subversive about that, sir?"

"It's all here in Anderson's analysis," Pugh answered impatiently. "I can imagine what the Russkies could do with that sort of stuff."

"If you'll pardon me, sir, what the hell could they do?"

"Think! Think! Can't you see it? A doctor shortage. The Army reneges on its promises to retirees. Widespread disaffec-

tion among those retired and about to be retired. Polarizing the total army community into have and have-not camps. Possibility of demonstrations, picket lines, riots. Perhaps sabotage. The retirees holding back their contributions to post fund drives. Combined Federal Campaign, Army Emergency Relief, Dependent Youth Activities—none of 'em meet their quotas. Chaos, man. Chaos, if we don't act fast."

"What can we do?"

Colonel Pugh leaned back and did his stare-at-the-ceiling routine. After he had counted off the number of holes equaling that day's date—twenty-three—he answered Crabtree. "Actually, *we* can't do anything, but we can make some pretty heavy recommendations."

Within twenty-four hours, all communications with Fort Custis were cut off. Troops were confined to base. All 26 May copies of the *Courier* were tracked down and destroyed. A post regulation was hastily prepared and issued setting forth stiff penalties for any military found with a copy. Civil Service employees were handled separately through the post Civilian Welfare Council. Press releases on the medical services cut-back were withdrawn and news media were advised that the

releases were prepared and issued in error. Actually, there was no medical service cut-back, no doctor shortage. Busloads of military medics rolling into Fort Custis lent truth to this statement but created unpublicized doctor shortages at other posts. A special briefing by the commanding general, himself, was provided to key members of the local chapter of The Retired Officers Association during which they were assured of "business as usual." In a short time, Fort Custis was reopened, communications were restored, and it was as if nothing at all had happened.

As part of the Pentagon-inspired action, Major Ramy, the Public Affairs Officer, was to be relieved and Specialist Pilcroy, the author of the offending article, was recommended for an Article 15, a form of nonjudicial punishment. However, The Retired Officers Association heard of this and, recalling that the *Courier* gaffe had been the means of restoring medical services to retirees living around Fort Custis, made loud noises in the right Washington offices. As a result, Major Ramy was retained in his assignment and awarded an Army Commendation Medal, the *Courier* was given the Keith L. Ware Award for outstanding military journalism, and Specialist Pilcroy was named the Paul D. Sava-

muck Journalist of the Year. Sergeant Donna Henderson applied for and got an overseas assignment to Korea.

"I don't know of anyone who deserves these more," Colonel Pugh said some months later as he and Mrs. Anderson pinned gold leaves on the AG-44 green uniform of ex-Captain Anderson. The colonel beamed, Mrs. Anderson beamed, the Anderson child beamed. Even Lieutenant Colonel Crabtree, normally skeptical of nearly everything, beamed, since this was an official occasion and beaming was in order.

Only Major Anderson didn't beam. His expression was one of relief, gratitude, and, perhaps, curiosity. He was thinking, I wonder what CRAPS was really looking for?

Miri Tominiski-Poslach opened the door of his office and paused long enough to admire the new Cyrillic characters gold-leafed across the glass in an attractive arch. As he shut the door, Piotr Klotchkov, his young assistant, looked up.

"Is it true?" Piotr asked. "Really true?"

Miri pointed to the reversed lettering on the glass of the closed door and answered, "They don't put your name on

the door if they're going to close you down."

"Then, you have the money?"

"I just came from the budget meeting. We're set up for the next fiscal year and I don't believe, comrade, there will be problems in subsequent years, thanks to Fort—what was it?"

"Custis."

"Ah, yes, Custis. How could I forget? That was our best operation. Everything set up for our next endeavor?"

"I just put the new map up," Piotr said. He pointed to a map of the United States mounted on a far wall. On it were identified the locations of all United States military installations.

"They all have post newspapers?" Miri asked.

"Yes," Piotr said proudly. He strode over to the map and Miri followed. "Under each location you can see the name of the newspaper and the day of the week on which it comes out."

"Very nice. This will do away with our old card file. Well done, comrade."

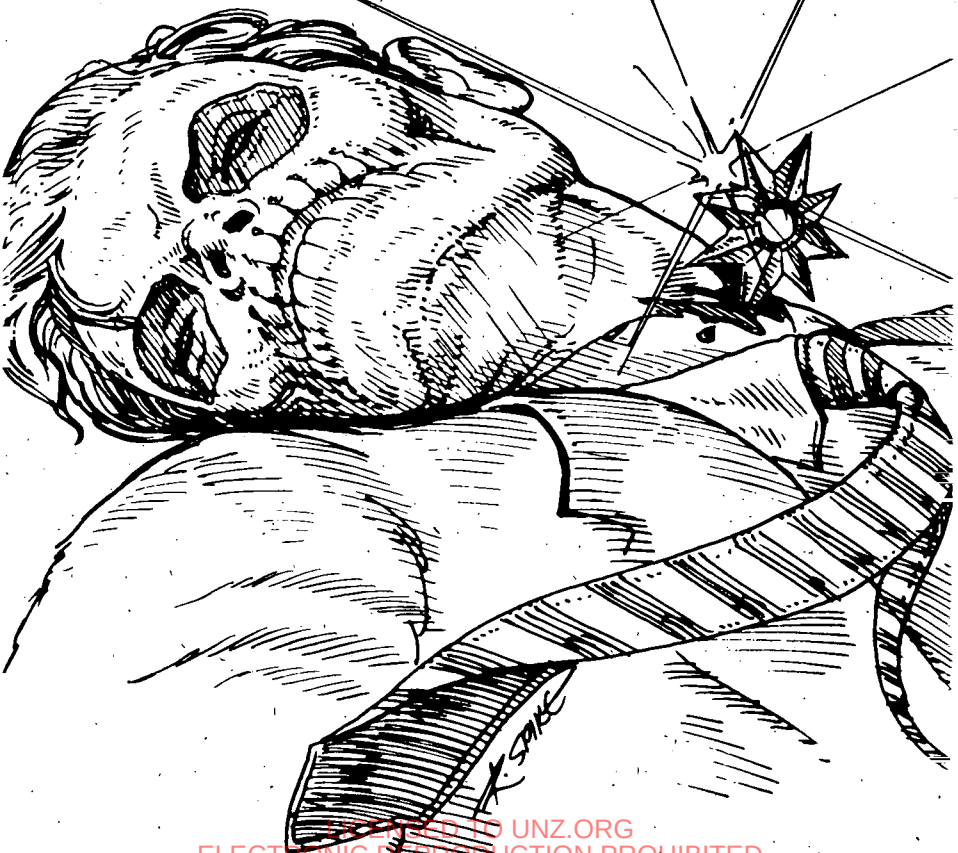
"Thank you, comrade. Which one will be next, I wonder."

Miri stared fixedly at the map. Then, without turning around, he started moving away from it. He didn't stop walking backwards until he was almost across the room, close to the opposite wall. He held out a hand, palm up.

"Get me my dart."



NON-INTER



ERENCE

by Janwillem Van de Wetering



"To Dingjum?" Adjutant Grijpstra of the Amsterdam Municipal Police asked. "That's a long way off, Sergeant. That's in the North. You sure?" He looked at Sergeant de Gier suspiciously. De Gier's tall, wide-shouldered body sprawled behind his dented desk with his feet propped up on its top, between files not arranged neatly. Sunlight glinted off his pistol's butt and barrel, protruding from a well-worn shoulder holster that contrasted crudely with the sergeant's spotless, tailored blue shirt. De Gier smiled innocently, showing strong white teeth and sparkling, oversized, soft brown eyes. His moustache, model cavalry officer, previous century, was swept up neatly under his long straight nose and high cheekbones supporting a noble brow, supporting thick brown curls in turn.

"Sure," the sergeant said. "I think we should go to Dingjum. It'll be a nice day today, we have just been supplied with a new car. Dingjum is a pleasant little town, set in unspoiled country, we'll drive along Holland's longest and neatest dike,

with the sea on one side and a lake on the other, we'll watch birds, sails on the horizon, interesting cloud formations—the car has a sunroof, we can drive and watch the sky in turns—I think I'm sure it's a lovely idea."

Adjutant Grijpstra sighed. His hands, clasped on a steadily rising and receding round belly, covered by a pinstriped blue waistcoat, gently unhooked their fingers and rose in feeble protest. "Dingjum is some sixty miles outside of our territory, Sergeant. We're specialists, members of the celebrated Murder Brigade, we only move for specific and urgent reasons. Whatever could demand our presence in the little rural town of Dingjum?"

Sergeant de Gier withdrew his feet and jumped up in one extended, graceful and lithe, powerful movement. He found a newspaper on a filing cabinet and handed it to the gray-haired solid adjutant, still at ease in his swivel-chair on the other side of the small gray-painted room. "Front page news. Absorb its contents. *Fresh* contents. This happened less than a week ago."

Grijpstra read. He mumbled. "A *Chinese* businessman? In *Dingjum*? An *arrow* into his throat? While watering exotic plants in a *greenhouse*?"

The sergeant poured coffee from a thermos-flask into paper cups. "Exotic is right."

Adjutant Grijpstra put the newspaper down and reached for the coffee. "Thanks. I still fail to see what we could do in Dingjum. There's State Police out there. We would interfere. They might not like that."

"We're never liked," Sergeant de Gier said, contentedly slipping behind his desk again. "However, there might be an exception. Lieutenant Sudema is in charge of the local station; you remember the lieutenant?"

"Yes," Grijpstra said. "That was a while ago. I didn't care for all the tomato salad he made us eat."

"And we gave Lieutenant Sudema the credit for our solution," De Gier said gently. "We always do when we can. We're not so bad, Adjutant."

"Oh, but we are," Grijpstra said. "We disturb the peace of our esteemed colleagues. We did that time. The lieutenant didn't exactly welcome us. And we had a legal excuse then; we don't have one now. We found a corpse in Amsterdam that lived, when still alive, in Dingjum. We pursued a hot trail.

We're pursuing nothing now."

"I sort of like going after nothing," the sergeant said softly. "Oh, come on now, Grijpstra. An arrow in a millionaire's throat, and the millionaire is a Chinese who officially resides in the Fiji Islands but who somehow owns a capital villa here, and who originated in Taiwan, and who has married one of our former beauty queens, and who owns a factory of computer parts that he doesn't manage; it's all in the article; that's a lot of nothing that adds up nicely."

"Where?" Grijpstra said, looking at the paper again. "Ah. The tale continues on page three. Let's see." He turned pages, holding the paper up to get a better look at the dead man's wife. "Why does she wear a tiny two-piece bathing suit? Ah, that was her prize-winning outfit. Some years ago. Still a bit of a girl then, though definitely sexy. A woman now, eh what? A most attractive woman?"

"You bet," De Gier said. "You'd meet her, if we would go to Dingjum. Don't you want to meet with a mature beauty queen?"

"Nah," Grijpstra said.

"You do," De Gier said. "And more than I. You've repressed your lusts; there's an evil power in you, pushing its tentacles through your flimsy defenses. You'd go a long way to be able to meet a sex symbol in her dainty flesh. Maybe she shot that arrow? If the Chinese dead man was a millionaire? The couple has no children. Wouldn't the lady make a first class suspect? You could manipulate her, ask her tricky questions, prod her luscious soul, wiggle, finger, feel..."

"What's with you?" Grijpstra asked furiously.

"Spring," De Gier whispered. "Spring brings out romantic desire in me. It's a good spring now and we could go for a drive."

Grijpstra pulled himself free of his desk and swiveled his chair. His short legs, in trouserpipes that were rather badly rumpled, and sagging socks and shoes that hadn't been recently polished, scissored slowly. "Yeh," Grijpstra said. "Never mind your romantic needs for now. A Chinese multimillionaire living off the fat of our land, and officially residing in the Fiji Islands, what does that lead to?"

"Non-payment of taxes," De Gier said. "Easy question, easy answer. It also points to extreme cleverness."

The adjutant's heavy body made another complete turn,

while a steady sun ray highlighted his short silver hair. "How so?"

"Our corpse," De Gier said, "the former Lee Dzung, married one of this country's certified beautiful women. Why? To kill a whole flock of fat ducks with one broadside of his foreign gun. He doesn't pay taxes in Holland, right?"

"Right," Grijpstra said. "In Fiji, tax would be nominal. But Dzung is active in business here. His factory produces high priced products."

"Now then, Adjutant. Dzung is our guest, he flies in and out, and when he's here he has a beautiful villa, it says so in the article, surrounded by a park, which is owned by his wife, and he owns his wife."

"Yes," Grijpstra said. "If Dzung owned property here he would have to become a resident and pay Dutch income taxes. A diabolic way out that would satisfy human greed, and Dzung picked the best looking wife the country could provide, doubly attractive to him for she is of another race. Long-legged, full-bosomed, golden-haired." Grijpstra studied the photograph again, grunting with pleasure. "A dirty boy's dream. The answer to all his hidden filthy desires."

"You're so Calvinistic," De Gier mused. "Maybe you become over excited when you contemplate that perfect and inviting shape, but why should Dzung?"

"It's natural," Grijpstra said. "Aren't Chinese Confucianists? Confucianism preaches a strict code of morals, an impossible system that automatically produces pleasurable guilt." Grijpstra grinned. "Show me a Chinese beauty queen and my feelings of forbidden lust will be doubled, too. Now suppose I could marry her, and put her in a pagoda, and spend a few months a year with her in a, to me, exotic setting, and have expert foreigners produce my pricy gadgets, and make tax-free profits... for that's another point here..." —the adjutant's blunt forefinger poked in the direction of De Gier's immaculate shirt— "... if the Dingjum factory is owned by a mother company in far-off Fiji, full profits can be channeled there."

De Gier got up, reaching for a silk scarf of a delicate baby-blue color that went well with his indigo shirt. "Shall we go?"

"Whoa," Grijpstra said.

De Gier knotted his scarf, tucking it neatly into his collar.

"An excuse, Sergeant?" Grijpstra pleaded. "We do need an

excuse."

De Gier scratched his strong chin. "Yep. Let's see now. About a month ago a bum fell into the Emperor's Canal. The water police fished him out last week. Remember?"

"Yagh." The adjutant grimaced.

"You're telling me," De Gier said. "I almost fainted when they brought that mess in."

"Grijpstra looked stern. "You fell into my arms. Was the bum connected to the North?"

"If he wasn't he is now," De Gier said. He opened a drawer and found a disheveled file. "No, right. He was from the North. We haven't checked the death properly yet. An accident probably, the man was an alcoholic, but he could have been pushed. He will have relatives in the North and we can check with the register of his place of birth, which is, let's see now, the town of Dokkum."

"Close enough to Dingjum," Grijpstra said. "Then on the way back, remembering all that tomato salad Lieutenant Sudema made us eat, when we consulted him on that other case . . ."

". . . we sort of casually drop in and ask how the lieutenant has been doing of late."

"Adjutant Grijpstra," Lieutenant Sudema said. "How nice to see you. And Sergeant de Gier. What a pleasant surprise." The lieutenant, splendidly uniformed, saluted his colleagues. He stood between two plane trees, artfully cut so that their branches framed his station, housed in a medieval brick cottage with a pointed gable that carried a stone angel, grasping for a trumpet that had been missing for a century or so. "Amazing. I haven't seen you for a year, a Chinese businessman is most mysteriously murdered here, and you pop up, on a lovely day like this. Out of the blue." The lieutenant pointed at the sky. "It is a nice day, today, don't you think?"

"Happened to pass by," Adjutant Grijpstra said. "We were checking the register in Dokkum regarding a dead drunk at our end and . . ."

"Dokkum is south of here, of course," the lieutenant said. "Close to the highway. But you came up another ten miles just to say hello."

"How's your wife?" De Gier asked.

"You came to see my wife?" Lieutenant Sudema asked. "I see. You're a bachelor, and from Amsterdam, of course; a wicked city, in our provincial eyes that is. Free sex hasn't exactly penetrated here. My wife is well, Sergeant. You did make quite an impression on her the last time you darkened our doorstep. Would you like to meet her again? She's at work now but she'll be back later today. You could wait."

De Gier scratched his right buttock. "You're making him nervous," Grijpstra said. "I've known the sergeant some ten years by now and he's quite shy with women. They'll have to attack him to get anywhere and they'll have to be single."

"My wife isn't single," Lieutenant Sudema said.

"I know," De Gier said. "I was merely inquiring whether Gyske is in good health."

"You're not interested in my murder?"

"He is," Adjutant Grijpstra said, "and so am I. Any progress?"

The lieutenant asked his guests in and found comfortable chairs. A constable brought coffee. He was sent out again to bring in two bags of large fresh tomatoes from the lieutenant's private crop. Sudema discussed tomatoes for a while, and their diseases. The lieutenant's tomatoes were disease-free but that was only because . . .

"Right," Grijpstra mumbled from time to time. "You don't say," Sergeant de Gier murmured once in a while.

"So Mr. Lee Dzung was shot dead with an arrow was he?" Grijpstra asked.

"So we thought," Sudema said.

"He wasn't?" De Gier asked.

"No," Lieutenant Sudema said. "If it had been an arrow, the case might have been hard to crack. There are these newfangled crossbows now, with telescopes; horrible weapons I'll have you know, and all over the place. I thought it had to be one of those. There was an article about crossbows in the Police Gazette that I had happened to read, and some of the weapons make use of small darts. When I saw the corpse, some metal protruded from the wound, sharp and gleaming, so I thought it was a dart. But you know what it really was?"

"Do tell." The sergeant sat forward in his chair.

"A . . .," the lieutenant opened a drawer in his desk and checked with his notebook, ". . . what was it called now;

right, here, a *shuriken*."

"A what?" Grijpstra asked.

"Metal disc," De Gier said. "Shaped like a star with a hole in the middle. A *shuriken* isn't shot but thrown. A very deadly weapon. Adjutant, when it flies from the hand of a trained assassin."

The lieutenant pushed his chair back. "So, you see, the case is out of my hands. Are you ready for lunch? The local pub still serves its famous lambchops with the local tomato salad, made out of my tomatoes, of course. I trust you'll be my guests?"

They walked along a country lane, shaded by tall elms. The lieutenant and the sergeant strode along and the adjutant panted, bringing up the rear.

"Why is the case out of your hands?" Grijpstra asked, wheezing between words.

The lieutenant waved airily. "State Security took over. As soon as the pathologist dug up that, what was it now?"

"*Shuriken*?" De Gier asked.

"Right, as soon as we found that a bizarre Far Eastern weapon had been used, we drew our conclusion. Mr. Dzung manufactures a new type of computer chip, that holds more information better, and is capable of programming computers in a most superb way. He makes them in Taiwan. Now he also makes them here. Why? Eh?"

"Why?" De Gier asked.

"You don't know?" Lieutenant Sudema stopped in his tracks. The adjutant bumped into him. De Gier caught them both. "No," De Gier said.

"Is Taiwan close to Russia?" Sudema asked. "Listen, Sergeant, that part wasn't clear to me, either; all I knew was that some outlandish weapon was used, so the killer wasn't Dutch. Mr. Dzung is Chinese. The killer probably, too. Two Chinese visited here last week. I enquired at Mr. Dzung's factory and the manager, a Dr. Haas, tells me that the other Chinese had argued with Mr. Dzung, in Chinese, of course, so he didn't know what about. He assumed that the other Chinese wanted something that Mr. Dzung wouldn't give. An assurance perhaps. That's what the conversation sounded like. Much shouting back and forth."

"Taiwan is friendly with America," Grijpstra said.

Lieutenant Sudema clapped his hands. "Right, you're so

right. The State Security chaps, called in by me, working overtime, in the weekend and all, telexed with the CIA. It was all clear at once. Dzung manufactures special computer chips in Taipeh—that's the capital of Taiwan—with American know-how, and with his own, too, for Dzung was a genius and came up with considerable improvements that he patented at once. Those chips may not be sent to Russia, though it's easier to send stuff to Russia from here than from Taiwan."

"And the two Chinese that came to yell at Dzung?" the sergeant asked.

"Assassins," the lieutenant whispered. "*Ninjas*. Ever heard of them? The most dangerous killers on Earth. They could have killed Dzung straight off but they were good enough to warn him first. Dzung didn't listen. So?" The lieutenant stood on one leg, produced a transparent object from his trouser pocket, swung his body from the hip and let go of the object. "*Zip!*"

"Wow," De Gier said, "*Ninjas* in Dingjum. Throwing a *shuriken*, Tssssshh!"

"Nah," Grijpstra said.

"You don't believe it?" Lieutenant Sudema asked. "I'm sorry to hear that. I wouldn't believe it at first, either, because, let's face it, Adjutant, we're staunch Dutchmen here, very limited in our outlook and ways. We don't throw exotic razor-sharp steel stars at each other. The very idea. But why wouldn't some nasty outside fellow throw a what-doyoucallit on Dutch territory? It's a big bad world out there and it does interfere with us at times. We may as well face that."

"You really don't believe in the lieutenant's theory?" De Gier asked Grijpstra. "If a *shuriken* was found in Mr. Dzung's throat, then somebody threw it."

"Not a ninja," Grijpstra said. "Ninja, indeed. Ridiculous. One of these black hooded chaps that slither about on slippers? A ninja in Dingjum would be as conspicuous as a man from Mars."

"I didn't see the Chinese," the lieutenant said. "State Security is making an effort, but they won't catch them; so much is sure. Those ninjas got out of the country immediately after they had fulfilled their contract. Slipped across the border to Germany, flew out of Frankfurt—so State

Security presumes."

"Crazy," Grijpstra said.

Lieutenant Sudema towered over the adjutant and glared down from under the visor of his immaculate cap. "So what else, colleague?"

Grijpstra looked up. "His wife, maybe? Did you interrogate his wife?"

Sudema marched on. De Gier loped along next to him. Grijpstra hobbled behind. The lieutenant turned. "That poor girl had a bad deal; she's better off now. Dzung didn't turn out to be a nice man. Do you know that he wouldn't even let her out of his grounds? He treated her something terrible, like a slave almost, as his sex object; she was just another possession. Everything was in her name, the car, the house, but he kept her short. Wouldn't even pay for driving lessons."

"So the pathetic doll did pretty good out of that murder," De Gier said brightly.

Sudema flapped a hand. "Makes her a suspect, sure. You don't think I didn't see that? Listen, Sergeant. Mr. Dzung got killed at 11:05 AM; a gardener saw him fall. At that moment, Mrs. Dzung was in the basement, operating a laundry machine, being assisted by a maid. She's not good at sports. She was nowhere near."

"I would like to see the location," Grijpstra said. "After lunch of course. I wouldn't miss your tomato salad. Eh, De Gier? Remember that tomato salad? With that delicious dressing? Made with herbs from the lieutenant's lovely wife's very own garden?"

Mrs. Dzung stood in the open doorway. De Gier gaped. Grijpstra stepped back in abject wonder. Mrs. Dzung looked even better than in the photograph they had studied. She was tall, very tall, but perfectly proportioned. She was also well-dressed, in tight leather dark trousers and a flowing white blouse. Her long hair wasn't blond but gold, and as fine as the rays in a spider's web, and luxurious, cascading down her supple shoulders. Her large eyes were sparkling blue and seemed semi-transparent, with the pure color reaching inward, attracting the observer into their unfathomable depths. Her nose was finely chiseled and her lips full, though tight in contour. They parted to smile down at

her audience. "Hello Lieutenant."

Sudema introduced his companions. Mrs. Dzung was called Emily, she said in a voice that vibrated pleasantly, soothingly, De Gier thought; there was a motherly quality to the woman though she still had to be quite young, in her early twenties, no more. De Gier felt that he wanted to be lifted up and pressed into those giant breasts, turned upside down like a cat that is cuddled, a large tomcat that will purr and meanwhile reach out with a sly paw, pushing gently, kneading firmly, begging for a kiss from those supple and moist lips.

"Minnie to my friends," the vibrating voice murmured.

"I'm your friend," De Gier said. He felt very friendly. He would hold her hand and they would jog along friendly beaches, past a friendly sea, and then run up a dune and be really pally between the wildflowers and the waving grass.

"My colleagues," Lieutenant Sudema said, "would like me to show them around your garden. This must be painful to you, Minny, you don't have to come along."

"Come back for tea," Mrs. Dzung said. "I'll have it ready on the rear terrace." Her eyes met De Gier's, expressing a special invitation. "Yes," De Gier said, "oh, yes, for sure!"

"She likes you," Sudema said as he took them to the greenhouse. "She likes me, too. We're as tall as she. She told me she doesn't like looking down on men. I'm married."

"Dzung was small-sized?" Grijpstra asked.

"Fat, too." Sudema's face showed some degree of well-meant pity. "She told me pudgy men turn her off completely."

De Gier nodded. "Fat men have a hard time. Drag all that weight around while available women turn away. Lonely, heavy. . ."

"Who's fat?" Grijpstra asked. "Tell me, is the factory's director, this Dr. Haas you mentioned, fat? Dzung didn't run his company, right? He couldn't because he isn't a resident here. There must be somebody else in charge. Is that fellow fat?"

"Dr. Haas?" Sudema thought. "He's sort of regular."

"Tall?"

"Regular," the lieutenant said again. "Ordinary looking, even though he's got all these PhDs in science and all, but likable nevertheless, I thought. The State Security fellows had a long talk with him, they were rather impressed."

"Why?" De Gier asked. "You just described him as regular."

Regularity is hardly impressive."

"Looks don't always matter, Sergeant."

Grijpstra patted Sudema's shoulder. "I'm glad you say that. That's the sergeant's trouble, he doesn't penetrate beyond the outside layer. Like with that lady just now. Did you see him gape? Biased De Gier could never consider her as a suspect. She immediately, because she happens to look fertile and warm, changes into some sort of goddess in his immature mind. When there are beautiful people around, I may as well forget about De Gier. He becomes a dead weight that I have to drag around. Disgusting. Quite."

"That lady is no suspect," the lieutenant said sternly.

"Why are we standing here?" De Gier asked. "That's the greenhouse over there. This is some garden by the way." He looked around. "Just look at the placement of these rocks. Makes you think you're surrounded by mountains. Very foreign."

"Exactly," the lieutenant said. "The ninja feller was hiding here, behind this little artificial hill. He crouched down, waiting for Dzung to move about in the greenhouse over there. Because of the warm weather, the windows were open, but as you can see the view is somewhat obstructed by all those flowering plants in there. The killer waited patiently, right here."

"Orchids," De Gier said. "Lee Dzung was growing beautiful orchids. This is an elegant place. Maybe Chinese heaven looks like this. Wasn't he smart, this Mr. Dzung?"

"Okay," Sudema said. "Dzung was moving about inside the greenhouse. The killer is waiting for his chance. He throws the . . . hmmm . . . well, he threw it, jumped over that outside wall and was gone. Nobody saw him. The gardener was on the other side of the greenhouse. He heard Dzung fall."

"Yeh," Grijpstra said. "Smart is the word. But Dzung got killed. He got outsmarted. Pity, really. I like a man to get away with the whole thing. Just think: No taxes. Immense profits. Flies in and out in first class airplanes. Has this wonderful woman in what he considers an exotic foreign country. Plays about in surroundings that must be ideal to Chinese taste."

"As you say," Sudema said. "Dzung flew in and out. There's a Lear Jet in Amsterdam Airport, now, registered in Fiji."

"I wonder if Dzung made a will," Grijpstra said.

"Who cares?" De Gier asked. "He's subject to Dutch law. Minny is legally married to the deceased so she inherits the house and whatever else he owns in Holland."

"Dzung would have known that, wouldn't he?" Grijpstra asked. "He probably has other wives."

"Mistresses more likely," De Gier said. "He had to marry here so that he could have this heaven in Minny's name. If he was smart, he wouldn't marry unless he had to." De Gier turned around. "What's the place worth? Just check that palace. Terraces, spires, three stories. Well-furnished, I'm sure."

"Nothing but the best," the lieutenant said. "There's a Chinese wing, toward the other side, stocked with treasures. Screens and paintings and sculptures and what not. Most outlandish. Minny took me on a tour."

"A tour. . . ." De Gier said, "maybe I could ask her. . . ."

"None of that." Grijpstra's heavy finger poked at the sergeant's stomach. "There will be no flirtation with a suspect."

"Ah." Sudema smiled benignly. "No interference, of course. I'm taking you around, showing you this and that, discussing theories, analyzing suspicions, but this case is closed; to you, and to me, too. State Security took over."

Minny called from the terrace. "Tea is ready."

De Gier noticed that his hostess had changed into a modest dress, and that her long hair was done up in a simple bun. There was faint make-up accentuating her large eyes, that threw him a penetrating glance from behind darkened lashes. "Poor Lee," Minny said. "He always enjoyed himself so much, wandering about in his gown, fussing with the plants, creating the illusion of a river by spreading all those pebbles. Do you know that he brought a truckload of oval pebbles in and then put them down parallel, one by one? See it there? It's coming out between those two little hills, like a stream rushing out of mountains? He explained it to me; he was such an artist."

"In Chinese?" Grijpstra asked.

"In English," Minny said.

"You speak good English?"

"Some," Minny said. "I was learning."

"Did your husband often go to his factory in Dingjum?" Grijpstra asked.

Minnie arranged her long slender legs, pulling up her skirt a little, then dropping it again. De Gier shivered.

"Are you cold?" Minny asked, her soft eyes expressing concern about the sergeant's involuntary shudder.

"Just impressed by your beauty," De Gier said kindly. "Did your husband take an interest in his product? Computer chips was it? Some advanced line of specialized mint goods?"

"You should see that factory," Minny said. "Everything is automated. The chips manufacture chips. The machines hum day and night and Dr. Haas watches them from a glass cage stuck to the ceiling. Dr. Haas used to visit here from time to time and they'd work with a computer that Lee rigged up on the third floor. It was linked to the factory. Lee hardly ever went out."

"You know Dr. Haas well?"

"He'd come over for dinner."

"Often?"

"Yes," Minny said. "Too often, and always so late. I like to have dinner early but Haas worked until eight o'clock at night. I got bored. Chips and computers, that's what my husband and Haas always talked about. It's another language. Other languages bore me, too."

"Would you show me that stone river?" De Gier asked. "I'm fascinated. So Mr. Dzung personally arranged a million pebbles so they would look like wavelets; how poetic."

"There's a real stream on the other side of the house," Minny said, "and quite a large pond. Lee was breeding goldfish. Some are so beautiful, with all sorts of blended colors and many-finned tails."

De Gier saw the stone river first, and picked up some pebbles. He followed his hostess down a path around the main building of the estate and squatted at the side of a pond. Minny sat next to him on an ornamental rock. "Can you make pebbles bounce off water?" De Gier asked. "I used to be good at that when I was a kid. Maybe I can still do it." He threw a pebble with a clumsy twist of his wrist. It ricocheted once and sank.

"That wasn't so good," Minny said. "Let me try, too."

All Minny's pebbles splashed and disappeared. "Maybe they aren't the right pebbles," De Gier said, staring discreetly at Minny's slim ankles. "Were you really happy with Lee?"

He thought she moved closer, for her hand almost touched his. "Yes," Minny said. "I like older men. My father left my mother when I was small so I'm probably frustrated. Lee was over forty."

"I'm thirty-nine," De Gier said.

She straightened her dress down her legs. "You look younger."

"I'll be forty next month." The sergeant got up and extended a hand. She held on to him and allowed herself to be lifted. They walked along and reached a lawn that stretched to the far fence. A tennis ball had been left on the path. "That's Poopy's ball," Minny said. "Poopy is my terrier. Lee didn't like the dog; it would dig holes in all his funny gardens. Poopy is staying with my sister now."

De Gier picked up the ball and ran out to the lawn. "Catch." She jumped but the ball whizzed by her and hit the house. It came bouncing back. De Gier put up a slow hand and missed it, too.

Grijpstra and Sudema appeared. "Come and see me sometime," Minny said into the sergeant's ear. "It gets lonely here. But please, phone me first."

"Sure," De Gier smiled. "Thank you for the tea," he said loudly. "And for letting us see the gardens. I envy you."

A maid came out of the mansion to tell Minny that the laundry machinery in the cellar wasn't working properly again. Minny said goodbye and disappeared into the house.

"Let's go, Sergeant" Grijpstra ordered briskly. De Gier glanced over his shoulder. "Just a minute." He ran back to the side-garden and picked up Poopy's ball. Released from a swing of De Gier's long arm, it hit a wall and came shooting back. He caught it without effort.

"Are you coming?" Grijpstra bellowed.

De Gier dug in his pocket and produced a pebble. The pebble was flung at the pond's surface and bounced off, and again, and again, in long graceful curves.

The sergeant came running back.

Grijpstra frowned. "Childish!"

"Heh, heh," said De Gier.

"Tell me everything," Sergeant Grijpstra said, as he waved at Sudema who was saluting them from under the plane trees that guarded

his station. The lieutenant had begged to be excused for a while. His tomatoes needed their daily attention. He would be available again a little later in the day. De Gier drove around the corner, parked the VW, lit a cigarette and reported on his recent adventure.

"Okay," Grijpstra said. "You've got something there, but that business about phoning her first means nothing. Maybe there's no lover as yet in Minny's life. Women hate being surprised by an erotic enthusiast suddenly appearing at the door. Minny is attractive but a quarter of her beauty is clothes, make-up, perfume and what not. She wants to smack you with the full hundred percent of her oversized dazzle; and to work that up may take her an hour."

"Wow," De Gier said.

"Beg pardon, Sergeant?"

"She's beautiful," De Gier said. "A Viking Queen. You know, you meet this absolutely stunning woman and you somehow manage to wake up next to her in the morning, and you kiss her awake and you wait for the heavenly wisdom flowing out of that lovely shape, and it isn't there?"

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Grijpstra said. "I live a quiet life. I paint tasteless pictures on my days off. Now, what are you saying?"

"That," De Gier said, "I don't think Minny will be disappointing."

Grijpstra withdrew into a disagreeable silence.

"I'm," De Gier said dreamily, "telling you that Minny is capable of murder. She inspires me." He grinned at the adjutant. "To do good things, of course. But then I'm a good guy. Now, what if she was involved with a bad guy, a ninja? Wouldn't she inspire him to do evil?"

Grijpstra moved his back against his seat, grunting softly. "Yeh. Maybe. So she can't throw pebbles and she can't catch balls. Why? She must have tried some sports. All schools have games. She looks athletic."

"Did you notice that her left eye tends to drift somewhat?" De Gier asked. "She may have trouble focusing, especially when she's tired. These last days must have been a strain."

"Let's go," Grijpstra said. "We stayed in a hotel in Dingjum once, that time we were here before. An old-fashioned inn. Think you can find it again?"

The innkeeper remembered the two Chinese visitors who

came for Mr. Dzung. "Mr. Wang and Mr. Tzu. Their full names and addresses are in the register; let me look them up."

"You checked their passports?" Grijpstra asked.

The innkeeper nodded. "I always do."

De Gier noted the names and addresses on his pad. Both Chinese originated in Taipeh.

"They were older men," the innkeeper said. "Quite pleasant."

"Athletic?" De Gier asked.

The innkeeper laughed. "Not really. I have a mini golf course in the back and they puttered about; they weren't too good."

"And where did they go from here?"

"Let's see now," the innkeeper said. "Wait a minute. Maybe I do know. They phoned Philips Electronics; I remember because they couldn't find the right number and there was some trouble with the operator, it seemed. I helped them out. They were supposed to meet someone there and we couldn't locate the fellow, but they did talk to him in the end."

"So you think they left for Philips Headquarters from here?"

"Yes," the innkeeper said. "I remember now. They had a rented car and my wife helped them to trace a route on the map."

"Can we use the phone?" De Gier asked. "It would help if you remembered the name of the man at Philips."

De Gier dialed. "Sir? A Mr. Wang and a Mr. Tzu, are they still around?"

He listened. "They're in Amsterdam now?" He thanked his informant and replaced the phone.

"Back again?" Sudema asked. "I thought I was rid of you. I beg your pardon. Always happy to entertain colleagues, of course. Especially when they don't interfere. You wouldn't be interfering, would you now?"

"You know, lieutenant," Grijpstra said, "I do admire you. You said that Minny wasn't a suspect and, by jove, she isn't."

"Not a direct murder suspect," De Gier said. "No, sir!"

"And you did express doubts about those two Chinese," Grijpstra said. "You and I both know what State Security is like. A bunch of old dodderers wandering about their Vic-

torian offices looking for a lost slipper. They actually managed to come out here?"

"Briefly," Sudema said. "They talked to Dr. Haas and wrote their report. They also checked out some shipments of chips that were sent to Germany and probably reached Moscow."

"And what is Dr. Haas going to do, now that his boss is dead?"

Sudema rolled a cigarette and studied its ends. He tapped the cigarette on his desk. "Yes, Adjutant, I know. I'm perhaps not quite as foolish as you city slicker chaps may be thinking. There could be a possible connection there. Minny has talked to her lawyer and it seems pretty clear that the factory is now hers. It may be an affiliated company to the Fiji tax-free head office, and linked to Taipeh, but according to Dr. Haas, all the patents are in Lee Dzung's name and Minny will probably inherit them outright, too."

De Gier rolled a cigarette, too, and imitated Sudema's careful treatment of the ends. "If that lawyer knows his job, Minny stands a chance of getting hold of all Dzung's assets."

Sudema blew a little smoke to the station's rustic ceiling and admired its age-old beams. "Minny didn't kill Dzung."

Grijpstra peeled a cigar out of plastic. "You know, Lieutenant, I would just love to watch you while you make monkeys out of State Security. I could never stand seeing those nincompoops waste the taxpayers' money. Do you have any idea about the size of their budget?"

"I saw the Mercedes limousine they parked in front of this station," Sudema said. He hit the desk. "Do you know that they wouldn't eat at our restaurant here? They said they didn't care for tomato salad. They actually preferred to go back to Amsterdam and some fancy bodega. It took them three and a half hours to get back here again."

"I think we should go and see Dr. Haas sometime," De Gier said, "and perhaps you can come along, Lieutenant. I know how busy you are but this might be worth it. As an officer you don't need us to sign the final report with you. We weren't really here, anyway; we were just passing through as we happened to be in the neighborhood."

"I do," Sudema said, "sometimes read the weekly magazines. We're dealing with Taiwan Chinese. You mentioned that Dzung was a smart guy. I agree. The Taiwan authorities probably squeezed Dzung in Taipeh. Imagine—

here's a genius who comes up with a superb product and he makes an immense profit. Who runs Taiwan? Generals and so forth, corrupt warlords who escaped from the communist mainland. So Dzung thinks of a way in which he can have his noodles with sauce and eat them, too. Maybe he sold his stuff from here to Russia out of spite."

"How did he get Minny?" Grijpstra asked.

"My guess is as good as yours, Adjutant."

"Let the sergeant guess." Grijpstra pushed De Gier's shoulder. "Share your knowledge of the world, De Gier."

"Me?" De Gier looked up. "Escort service, I would imagine. Dzung came here, he set up his operation with Dr. Haas. He probably found Haas through some technical paper. All these top-notch scientists correspond, meet at congresses, get together on schemes. Haas introduced Dzung to an organization that rents out attractive females. Dzung selected the very best. Haas suggested marriage and Minny was willing. She preferred to be legal."

Sudema rolled another perfect cigarette. "Yes, I think so, too, and there may be some risk there: Minny obviously benefits by her husband's death. Dr. Haas does not. For one thing, he's married and has some kids. He strikes me as a scientist, not as a businessman. Dzung is the genius, not Haas. And . . ." Sudema was admiring the beams of his ceiling again, "let's face it, Dutchmen aren't killers. The Taiwanese are. If Dzung was selling superchips to the Russians, the Americans would lean on the generals of Taipeh. . . ."

"Who would send thugs, ninjas, lithe louts trained in bizarre murderous methods," Grijpstra said, sucking his cigar contently. "The CIA must be pleased that Dzung caught that steel star in his neck. But I still think all this is very far-fetched. Now what if there were no assassins? Not from Taipeh anyway? Now suppose you could prove that? Wouldn't that be great? A feather in your hat?"

"I think I could help," De Gier said.

"Please do," the lieutenant said, "I'm very fond of feathers."

Grijpstra got up. "I could save you some time. You drive to Amsterdam with my sergeant and I'll visit this Dr. Haas. When you come back you can tie things up."

"You wouldn't interfere now?" Sudema asked. "Right, Adjutant?"

"Never," Grijpstra said. "Just tell me where I can find the good doctor."

to be continued. . . 

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE...

ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

The exciting conclusion of
Janwillem Van de Wetering's
"Non-Interference"

The Real Story of *"Ultra"*
by Ernest Volkman

A *"puzzler"* story
by J.F. Peirce

The *"Knit-Lady"*-Assassin
Par Excellence
by Ardath Mayhar

Interview with
Stephen Hunter

**and many more of your favorite
suspense writers!**

ASSIGNMENT: VIENNA

by Josh Pachter

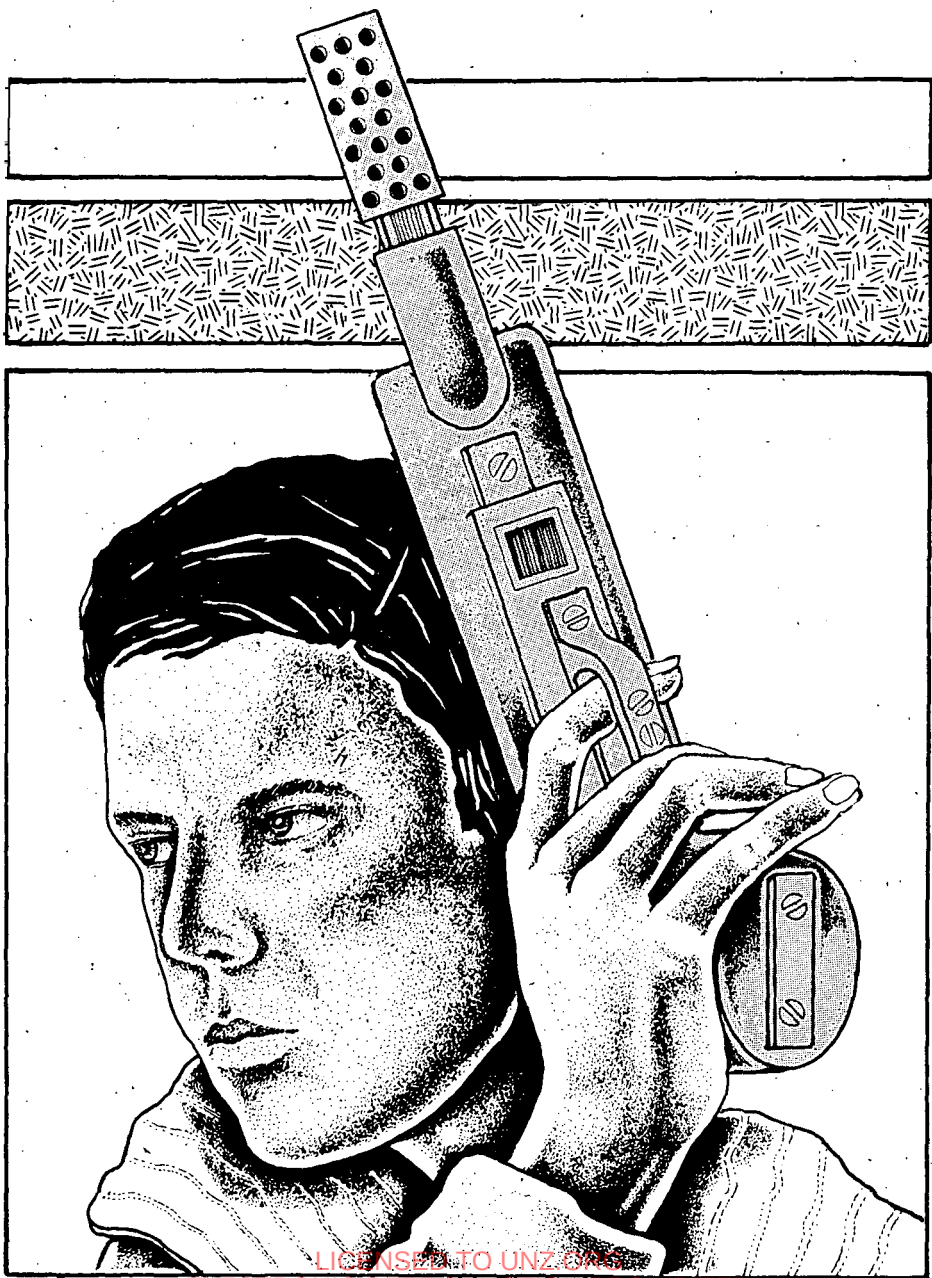
Six weeks ago, some documents were stolen from the government agency I work for. I tracked the thief to Austria and recovered the papers, but before heading back to Washington I made the mistake of visiting the Prater — Vienna's amusement park — for an evening's entertainment. The thief was waiting for me, with a complex scheme that left me in a hospital bed with four holes in my gut and the documents gone again. Talking it through with my nurse, a sharp American named Kathy Turner, in Vienna on a fellowship, I figured out how he'd been able to plug me under impossible conditions, but Kathy didn't like my explanation. Too complicated, she said. Why didn't he just knock me over the head and swipe the package of papers from my pocket and be done with it?

Conclusion

"Good question," I admitted. "You're right, it would have been simpler just to brain me, but that's exactly why he didn't play it that way. You have to understand this snake, Kathy. His name is Harry Marlin and — well, the fact is he's a spy. A spy without a country, which is the worst kind there is. Marlin's got about as much ideology as a tomato; he doesn't give a damn about

patriotism or communism or any other ism. He just picks up whatever information he can get his grubby little hands on and sells it to the highest bidder. He stole that package I'm so worried about, from the agency I work for in America. I was assigned to recover the package, and I did, but I had to outsmart Marlin pretty badly in order to get it away from him.

"Now, Harry Marlin's not the kind of guy who's willing to sit



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back and accept being beaten gracefully, and it wouldn't be enough for him just to steal the package back, either. I outsmarted him, see, so he had to outsmart me in return. That's why he cooked up this whole complicated mess, and it's probably the only reason he didn't go ahead and kill me when he had the chance. He wanted to hurt me, to get even, but he wanted me alive so I could lie here in my hospital bed and figure out just how cleverly he'd beaten me. He may have *planned* to kill me at first, but somewhere along the line he decided it'd be more fun to leave me alive. That's why, when it came down to it, he aimed for my stomach instead of my heart."

Kathy was quiet for a while. Then, in a very small voice, she said, "You're a spy, too, then, aren't you?"

"I'm an American," I told her. "These days, it's not always easy to be proud of that. I still am. And, yes, I'm employed by the U.S. government."

She sighed. "So what are you going to do now?"

"That ought to be obvious. I'm going to get out of this bed and go after him."

"But you can't!" she protested. "You won't be strong enough to move around for at least another couple of days!"

"I'll have to risk it."

"But he's already got three days head start on you, and you haven't got any idea where he's gone. Where are you going to look, Mr. Secret Agent Man?"

I chewed thoughtfully at the inside of my lower lip. "That," I said at last, "is another good question."

The answer came that same afternoon, in the form of an envelope addressed to me in care of the hospital. Inside the envelope was another white index card.

"What does it say?" Kathy asked me eagerly. "Is it from him?"

I passed it over. The seven-word message was written in English. It read: "Eleven-sixteen. Come up early, late, anytime." The card was signed with the familiar crude sketch of a marlin. It was from him.

"What's it mean?" asked Kathy.

"Looks like he's trying to set up a meeting," I guessed.

"A meeting? Why?"

"Knowing Harry Marlin, this is just his way of giving the screw another turn. He's going to give me one last chance to get that package back."

"So 11:16 is the time you're supposed to meet him..."

"I'm not so sure. After all, he says I can come up anytime."

"But you don't know *where*."

"Unless 11:16 is the place."

"11:16? What kind of place is that?"

"Maybe it's a street number."

"On what street?"

That I didn't know, and we puzzled over it for a while.

"If we were in New York," I mused, "I'd figure he was sending me to 11 East or West 16th Street. Hell, if we were back in Washington I'd have four possibilities to choose from: there's a 16th Street that runs right up to Lafayette Park, across the street from the White House, and another one way back behind Capitol Hill, out towards D.C. General, plus a pair of P Streets north and south of the Mall."

"P Streets? Why P Streets?"

"Sixteenth letter of the alphabet. A simple substitution cipher. But they don't number the streets here in Vienna, or letter them, either, so none of that —"

And then it hit me. "You know," I said slowly, "I wonder why Harry wrote out the words 'eleven-sixteen,' instead of just putting down the numerals."

Kathy gave me her dubious look again. "You're stretching a little there, aren't you? He felt like it, that's all."

"No, no," I said, sure of it now.

"Harry Marlin never does anything just because he feels like it. If he wrote those two words out, he must have had a reason. Let's see, now: E, S, C —"

"What are you doing?" Kathy asked.

"Reading off the first letter of each word in the message. It's an old spy trick, used by old spies throughout the civilized world. E, S, C, U, E, L, A."

"Ess-cue-la," she pronounced it. "Or else, ess-coo-ayla. Now that helps."

"Maybe it does," I frowned. "Escuela. It's a Spanish word; it means 'school.' But I don't see —"

"Well, hey, that's it then!" Kathy cried. "He is setting up a meeting place!"

"What are you talking about?"

Her piercing blue eyes regarded me narrowly. "You don't know very much about Vienna, do you, babe?"

"Not too much," I confessed.

"So you've probably never heard of the Spanish Riding School..."

The Spanish Riding School, or *Spanisches Reltschule*, was founded around 1572 by Emperor Ferdinand I, with its headquarters in the Hofburg, the winter residence of the Hapsburg royalty.

Today, even though the Hapsburgs have been banished by law from Austria, the Riding School still exists, giving performances of precision equestrian choreography every Sunday and some Wednesdays dur-

ing the spring and autumn months.

The next day was a Tuesday, so there was no performance, but there was a morning training session scheduled, which is when the horses are put through their paces just for practice.

Kathy distracted Lieutenant Lassing long enough for me to slip out of my room unnoticed. I made a quick stop at my hotel, leaving myself plenty of time to allow for the painful burning in the pit of my stomach, and got to the Hofburg about 10 minutes to 11.

There was a mass of tourists outside waiting to get in, but I strode purposefully to the front of the line, displayed my trusty diplomatic passport and repeated the phrase Kathy'd taught me that meant "official business" in German. The guards ushered me in without even making me pay for a ticket.

The steps up to the main gallery were murder. Instead of climbing normally, I had to drag one foot up a step, then pull the other foot up to the same level, and only then move on to attack the next one. When I reached the top of the flight, I was ready to collapse, but I forced myself around the oval gallery to the far side, where I miraculously found an empty chair and dropped into it with

a groan.

It was 11 o'clock, and there was no sign of Harry Marlin.

About 10 feet below me, on the dirt floor of the arena, five horses were sidestepping proudly from one wall across to the other in perfect unison. Three of the horses were pure-white, the other two were dapple greys. All the horses that perform at the Spanish Riding School are born dark grey. As they get older they begin to turn white, and it's when this white coloration begins to show through the grey that the horses are considered old enough to start their training. By the time the training is completed and they're ready to perform, they are pure, solid white.

Most of the time I was watching, the riders had their mounts working individually — one would be sidestepping while another zigzagged diagonally back and forth across the arena, and a third was prancing regally with its legs brought way up high — but every once in a while all five of them would come together to work on some particular move as a group, and it was at those times that I could see why the Lippizaners are called the most beautiful and intelligent horses in the world.

At one point, one of the greys' trainers dismounted and started walking his charge for-

ward, with another trainer following along behind and hitting the horse's hind legs with a switch at regular intervals. The result was that the animal marched from one end of the oval to the other, executing a series of impressive kicks every couple of steps as the whip stung the backs of his legs. The idea, I suppose, was to train the horse to make those kicks without being hit, but on its rider's commands instead.

I was fascinated by the whole scene.

By the time I thought to look at my watch again, a quarter of an hour had passed and it was 11:16. I glanced up and there was Harry Marlin standing across the gallery by the steps, grinning his damn head off and waving a hand at me.

I took off after him with all the speed I could muster, clattering down the stairs and bursting out into the main courtyard outside the building just in time to see him disappear around a corner across the way.

I started after him again, but halfway across the courtyard I came to a full stop, panting, my stomach on fire.

Just a goddamn second, I told myself. Harry should have been gone around that corner way before I ever made it down here; in the shape I'm in he's twice as fast as I am. So why the

hell wasn't he?

The answer to that one was obvious. He had sent me that index card in care of the hospital, so he knew I wasn't exactly back in fighting shape just yet. So his plan, I saw, was to lead me on an exciting and — for me, at least — *sehr* painful wild-goose chase through the streets of Vienna, always keeping himself visible but always just out of my reach, knowing damn well he'd be able to put on a burst of speed and lose me whenever he got tired of all the fun we were having together.

So the big dumb spy guy was going to fall in with Harry's scheme and probably kill himself chasing after him, right?

No, not this time.

What the big dumb spy guy did was duck into a convenient *konditorei* and settle down by the front window with a thick slab of *apfelstrudel* and a cup of hot tea.

And sure enough, not five minutes later, old Harry came slinking back into the courtyard looking for me with heavy disappointment scrawled all across his nasty face. Luckily, *my* face was in the same shadow I'd put it in when I sat down, so the bastard didn't spot me. A few minutes went by, and then he gave it up as a bad job and was off again.

This time I followed him.

He wasn't in a rush any more,

so it was easy to keep up with him. He never once looked back as he strolled through Heldenplatz to the other side of the Hofburg. At Burgring, he turned left and headed towards the Staatsoper, the State Opera House. After a few steps, though, he changed his mind and stopped in the middle of the sidewalk. He stood there thinking for a bit, and then he shrugged and turned around and came back in my direction.

I managed to slip into a doorway just in time, and Harry walked right past without noticing me. He looked like he was sulking, and as far as I was concerned it served him right.

I followed him north, past the immense Kunsthistorisches art museum and its twin sister, the Naturhistorisches Museum, past the powerful Parliament building and the Rathaus, the City Hall. At Universitatstrasse, beneath the delicate spires of the Votivkirche, he boarded the first car of a passing tram. I swung up onto the second car and sank into a seat to rest my stomach, which was not enjoying the tour of the city.

Harry rode the tram for only a few blocks, to the intersection where Skodagasse branches off from the Alser Strasse. When he got off and headed left up Skodagasse, I was right behind him.

He turned in at number 15. I

stayed down in the street, and two minutes later I saw curtains pulled aside and a window flung open up on the third floor. I went into the building, then, and labored up the stairs.

Outside his door, I waited. Five minutes passed by, and then I heard water running inside his room and decided the time was right. I drew the gun I'd picked up at my hotel earlier that morning and took a deep breath. Then I kicked in the door.

Harry whirled around. He was standing at the sink, across the room, stripped to the waist, washing his hands.

He looked at me for a long time in silence, his face a blank, and then he took down a towel from the metal rack beside the sink and dried himself off carefully.

"Well," he said when he was done. "Seems you're a couple of IQ points smarter than I thought you were."

"Not necessarily," I offered, feeling generous. "Could be you're just a couple of IQ points doper than you thought *you* were."

He shrugged. "Maybe, maybe not. Do I get a cigarette and a blindfold before you pull that trigger?"

"I'm not going to kill you, Harry," I said, "that's not the way I operate. All I want is the documents back."

He turned up his palms. "They're not here," he smiled. "I may be dopey, but I'm not stupid."

"Alright, so you stashed them somewhere else. Where?"

"Not a chance," he said, shaking his head firmly. "You know damn well I'm not going to tell you."

"Wrong again, Harry." It was my turn to smile. "I know damn well you are. I'll tell you something, my friend: before I'm done with you, you'll beg me to let you tell me."

"Torture?" He said it calmly, as if it were any other word in his vocabulary. "You terrify me. What's it going to be, the innovative dental extravaganza or the ever-popular burning bamboo splints under the fingernails?"

"It's going to be the bullets," I told him, "in the stomach. In *your* stomach, Harry. I owe you four, and I like to pay my debts."

Something flickered in his eyes for an instant, but then it was gone and they were deadly confident again. "Come on," he said, "who are you trying to kid? If you fire that peashooter in here, you'll have the whole building down on your head in about 20 seconds and you know it. This is Vienna, *my* friend, not New York City. They wouldn't've let Kitty Genovese die, here."

I chuckled. "Come on your-

self, Harry; you know me better than that." I pulled a long silencer from my pocket and screwed it onto the barrel of my gun. "We're gonna keep this a private little party, just you and me. Just like the other night."

That did it. I could see his self-confidence spring a leak, watch him scramble around looking for the exit. "So then why should I steer you to the papers?" he tried. "I may as well save my breath. If you're really going to shoot me, you're going to have to kill me. You can't afford to let me live, you know I'd bury you under so many cops you'd never be able to dig your way out. And that means exactly the sort of publicity your employers are very anxious to avoid these days."

"Aw, Harry." I shook my head sadly. "Do you really think you're in any position to drag the police into this thing? And the *media*, for Christ's sake? Where would that leave *you*, Harry?"

"I'm not afraid of the cops or the papers, certainly not the Austrian cops or the Austrian papers. My record's clean here, and there's no way you can prove it was me that shot you."

"You're right," I conceded. "But you won't be able to prove it was *me* that shot *you*, either, sport. You tell the police any story you want. Lucky for me I've got a sweet young nurse

and a grumpy old lieutenant back at the hospital who'll swear I haven't left my bed all day. Who do you think the authorities are more likely to believe, a pretty girl and a cop or you? Listen, Harry, personally I'd rather not have to shoot you, anyway. I mean, it's just not my style. But I'm going to leave the decision up to you: do you want to tell me where you stashed the documents, or do you want me to open you up so's we can see just what shade of red your blood is, first?"

He licked his lips and considered it. Then he made up his mind. "You're bluffing, man. This is real life, not *The Avengers*. You won't shoot."

"Have it your way," I said tightly. Then I pressed the end of the silencer against his bare stomach and clapped a hand over his mouth to keep him quiet and pulled the trigger. I could have stretched out the suspense a while longer, but he was right. This wasn't television, so why bother?

There was a soft thud, and Marlin's body jerked and his mouth distorted under my hand. Tears welled up in his eyes and spilled down his cheeks as I eased him to the floor. A trickle of blood seeped out of the hole in his stomach. Magenta.

"Now you know what it feels like," I said. "And you've got

three more coming, Harry. Or are you ready to tell me where you put the package?"

I took my hand away from his mouth and he told me.

The thing to do then was call a doctor and beat it, but there was always the chance that Marlin had been lying and I'd want to come back and talk with him some more.

So as much as I hated to do it, I tied him up with the sheets from his bed and knotted a handkerchief in his mouth before I left.

The package was right where he said it'd be, the documents all inside it and safe. I phoned the police, then, and gave them his address in a dull monotone, and was back in my hospital bed less than two hours after I'd left it.

Lieutenant Lassing never even knew I'd been gone.

Well, that's most of it. It'd be nice if I could end it here and have myself come out looking more or less a hero. But if you've stuck with me this far you've got a right to know that by the time the cops reached Marlin's apartment, Harry was dead.

I honestly hadn't wanted to kill him, but in the long run I wonder if maybe it didn't all work out for the best. You've already seen that Harry Marlin

was not the most pleasant person to have around as an enemy, and maybe you'll agree with me that, had he lived, sooner or later he would have turned up again to cause more

trouble. And the next time, I might not have been so lucky.

Still, though, I was truly sorry that one bullet had proven fatal. After all, I owed him three more. 

Did you know...

Heinrich Albert, the director of German propaganda within the U.S., before the U.S. entered World War I, carelessly left his briefcase on a New York subway train on July 24, 1915. It was at once picked up by American agents, who were shadowing him, and was found to contain plans for sabotaging American plants that served as arsenals for the Allies. The documents were signed by Franz von Papen, a military attaché to the German embassy, and by the ambassador himself.

The first U.S. Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, was confined to an upper story of Walter Reed Army Hospital in Washington, D.C., in 1949, after physicians had diagnosed him as paranoid. He believed that he was being tracked by secret agents of Israel. As he was not properly supervised, the Secretary eventually jumped to his death from a window. It later turned out that Israeli agents had indeed been following Forrestal, in their need to know if the U.S. was making secret arrangements with Arab nations.

Spying

Last issue, we touched upon the dynamics of late 18th Century espionage as concerned France. We discussed ways in which the presence of a large, scared, and angry group of French émigrés combined with the ever-growing threat of French expansion to create a very fluid espionage environment. European states needed intelligence about France, and the French Revolution had bred enough native hatred of the new Republic to fill that need. While we met comte d'Antraigues, an excellent example of a French émigré with an ax to grind and enough ability to grind that ax, this time we will look at one of his main customers: Francis Drake.

Drake was appointed head of the English espionage services for northern Italy and the French Midi in 1793. He was stationed in Genoa, and was given the specific mission of keeping an eye on the French as they lurched through the beginnings of Republicanism, while their armies proved again and again to be as formidable as any they might meet on the field of battle. It should be remembered that France had an extremely active foreign policy at this time, as the various leaders of revolutionary France tried to translate successful foreign policy into credibility for themselves and the republic. Whether they were successful is not of importance here; what is significant is that they prompted a great deal of concern in the various European states. Thus the great need for intelligence about France at this time.

Drake met his chief correspondent of these early revolutionary years, comte d'Antraigues, in Venice, soon after arriving in Italy. Together, their names are wedded to a series of documents known as the Dropmore Papers, an abstraction of Drake's correspondence to England during his early stay in Italy; correspondence based primarily on intelligence purchased through and from d'Antraigues.

Drake's contact with d'Antraigues continued for a second year, and then was interrupted by Drake's temporary re-assignment in late 1794. They "joined forces" again during the following year, for another two years, until Napoleon and his army assumed control of northern Italy. For a while, the two tried to recruit agents among the occupying French officers in Venice, but they met with little success and, soon after the invasion of Napoleon's army, both men fled. Drake went to Germany, where d'Antraigues eventually appeared after a run-in with Napoleon (see last issue).

Through Time

By Joe Lewis

With Napoleon's meteoric rise as a political force, and the concurrent rise of his military activities, England's intelligence needs stretched further than before, including the Middle East. Drake's own intelligence network widened as a result of these needs. By 1803, as Napoleon was approaching the zenith of his power, Drake had been working against France for a decade. It was in this year that Napoleon decided to do something about Drake.

As Drake was a master at espionage, and not likely to allow himself to be kidnapped or assassinated, Napoleon had to find more subtle methods of disposing of his foe. He decided, finally, to discredit Drake, through the use of disinformation. Several agents were enrolled in this effort but only one agent had success. Mehee de La Touche, an ex-policeman under Louis XVI, and a veteran spy for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Danton, was that agent.

At the time that he was hired for the role, de La Touche had been trying to pass himself off as an enemy of Napoleon's consulate. Discouraged with his lack of reception in London, he was willing to work for the man he was trying to destroy. The chore was simple enough: continue to act as an enemy of Napoleon, and sell intelligence to Drake and the English.

De La Touche went to Munich, where he met Drake for the first time. Arrangements were made, based on de La Touche's claim of accessibility to high level intelligence. Through a spy named Spencer Smith — the English minister to Stuttgart—and Drake himself, disinformation about France was soon flowing from de La Touche to England.

De La Touche continued the charade long enough to ensure that Drake was indeed passing along the intelligence being sold to him. When 75,000 francs, in gold, were delivered for one set of documents, de La Touche, as well as those French government officials involved, decided the time had come to expose the hoax.

The situation was studied and reported on at length by Regnier, Minister of Justice in France. The report he made was then passed on to the Paris newspapers, who had a wonderful time crowing about Drake's gullibility as he tried to bury France. The public announcement of the hoax was more than effective: Smith and Drake were both recalled immediately, discredited and publicly embarrassed. Their espionage careers were over. Once again, Napoleon had won.

ON FILE.....

by Richard Walton

NAUGHTY MARIELLA



The centuries-old refectory table groaned under the weight of gastronomic delicacies piled on it: roast peacock and badger, avocado stuffed with caviar, suckling pig, quail on garlic toast and salmon soufflé. Antique silverware gleamed on black Maltese lace napery, chandeliers glistened with droplets of tinkling crystal and heated salvers of sandalwood made the senses reel. So did the drugs the guests had taken as they sat round the table, naked, apart from socks and nylon stockings.

Naughty Mariella Novotny, outrageous bedroom spy of the century, a naked Russian on one side of her and a Briton on the other, was hosting one of her weekly dinner parties in the sixties.

The slender, startlingly beautiful blonde, then in her early twenties, first hit the headlines in 1961 when arraigned on vice charges in New York City with former television producer Harry Towers. Technically a minor under U.S. law at the time, she had been imported into the country as part of an international call-girl racket designed to pry bedroom secrets out of White House politicians.

Towers fled behind the Iron Curtain and Mariella, bail posted, stowed away to Britain on The Queen Mary to rejoin rich antique dealer Hod Dibben, whom she had married in 1960 when a teen stripper in London's Pigalle nightclub.

For twenty years she was to live

in a world of intrigue, espionage and mystery. Even her own background was unknown. She was often asked, in vain, to disclose her true identity. Was she really a niece of former Czech president Antonin Novotny? Or simply Stella Capes, daughter of a British architect? Documents exist to back up both identities, and the Czechs themselves decline to comment.

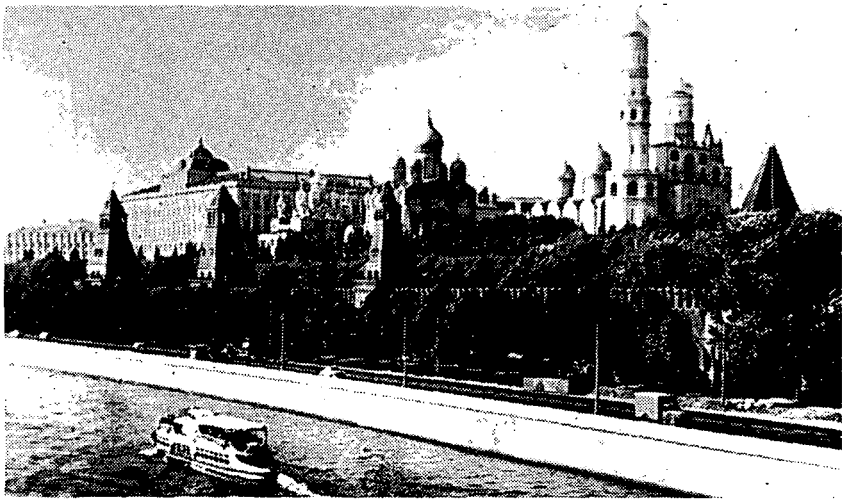
What is certain is that by 1961, she was a social magnet in London for people with weird dinner table manners.

A regular guest was "The Masked Peer," always naked apart from a tiny maid's apron. His task was to receive guests at Mariella's mansion door and invite them to whip his backside on entering. When it was his own turn to dine, he crouched under the table with a dog's bowl.

As for the glamorous hostess, she dined frugally on a small fillet steak and green salad, and drank only pure spring water, in contrast to her gourmet guests who had their pick of a well-stocked cellar.

Other guests and friends included call-girl Christine Keeler, the woman whose affair with War Minister John Profumo almost brought down the British Government in 1963. She had been a naked swimming pool companion of Russian naval attaché Eugene Ivanov when introduced to Profumo at one of Lord Astor's country house-parties two years earlier.

Keeler was playing both ends



Politicians in Kremlin may now relax... Her secret files may have led to embarrassing exposures.

against the middle, having affairs with the War Minister and the Russian Embassy agent at the same time. According to her friend, Mandy Rice-Davies, also drawn into the Profumo scandal, Keeler was being pressed by Ivanov to find out from the Minister details of nuclear weapon delivery dates to Germany.

Whether she succeeded, or even tried, is not on record, but it was a dangerous time to dabble in espionage in or out of bed. Ivanov, high in Kremlin esteem, was known to be able to put information on Krushchev's desk twenty minutes after receiving it, and his brief in Britain was clear: Embarrass the Americans over the Cuban missile crisis and get top British politicians to call for a Summit Conference, a classic delay tactic

under cover of which the Soviets could sneak missiles into America's underbelly in other directions.

Ivanov's friend, and possibly a Russian agent, too, was fashionable Doctor Stephen Ward, who, apart from catering to London's rich neurotics, was pimping girls (like Keeler) for his friends on both sides of the Iron Curtain. And, with politicians and Embassy officials, he attended parties not only on the Astor estate but in Mariella's mansion.

Mariella had her own bedroom techniques and when she found out that the War Minister and the Russian agent had the same mistress, she blew the patriotic whistle to her own friends in high places. Profumo was publicly disgraced, Ward committed suicide, or so it is believed, and Ivanov was

recalled to the Kremlin.

Mariella gave evidence to a government inquiry, and began to talk also of her American connections, including members of the Kennedy family and others who have since become powerful men in the political administration.

Fear ran like quicksilver through the Western political world, then, and attempts were made on her life, either at the request of one of her dinner party guests or the Russians. She got herself a formidable bodyguard and new lover, former underworld czar Eddie Chapman, who had redeemed an unsavory pre-war reputation by working with the Resistance in Europe, posing as an agent for the Nazis while reporting back to MI5 in London. (His life-story was later filmed, starring Yul Brynner among others.)

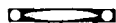
Mariella maintained remarkable cool during this time, practising daily with a small pistol, otherwise tucked in the top of one black nylon stocking.

As the seventies came in she turned from international to internal espionage, walking the dangerous tightrope of informer not only for the intelligence services and Scotland Yard but the underworld, too. She became the mistress of gangsters to uncover multi-national swindles and was "available," as she put it, to pry bedroom secrets out of visiting foreign dignitaries for government intelligence sources. She was also briefed to spy on high-ranking

police officials during corruption inquiries.

"I can rattle skeletons in many important cupboards," she once told the writer while preparing a dossier on her life-story, and some of those skeletons were friends of establishment moles recently unearthed, still beaver away underground for the Soviets, betraying their mother country.

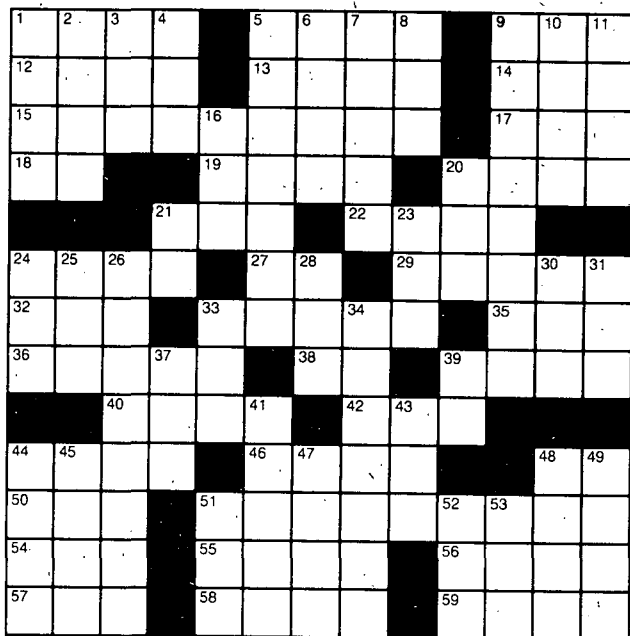
Friends told her to be careful. She smiled and spied on, an aging husband loyally beside her, ignoring the string of lovers she had. In her forties, she was still a beautiful woman, but tension had taken its toll and someone, somehow, got her hooked on drugs, something she had always despised in others.



When the time comes for spies to meet the Great Controller in the sky, they meet their end in many ways: by lawful execution, death in prison obscurity, or murder after torture. Spectacularly, Mariella died as she had spied so successfully: in bed — but not in the arms of one of her famous lovers. Swathed in black silken bedsheets, the slender naked blonde suddenly fell face forward into a bowl of Jello she had been eating, one night in February last year, and choked to death.

Frightened politicians on both sides of the Iron Curtain can now relax...until someone finds that deadly dossier she was compiling and decides to write Naughty Mariella's memoirs for her.

ESPIONAGE CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Ambush | 15. Fiction magazine of suspense |
| 5. A nut containing caffeine | 17. Tabby |
| 9. Strategic Air Command | 18. State abbreviation |
| 12. "_____ Hashana" | 19. A dull, continuous pain |
| 13. Unprotected | 20. An island of past CIA activity |
| 14. Equal Rights Amendment | |
| 156 Espionage | |

21. "Butterflies _____ Free"
22. The sound of _____
a jet
24. A No Date of
Return (abbr)
27. Per: indefinite article
29. Pseudonym
32. Poe-bird
33. Money (slang)
35. More than one
36. To follow
38. Belonging to me
39. "For Your _____ Only"
40. Bloodshed
42. A prefix: with
44. A small case
46. Treasury Greenback
48. State abbreviation
50. An Asian tribe
51. Dangerous undertaking
54. Golf's Somerville
(initials)
55. Energetic person
56. Egyptian goddess
57. Garden tool
58. Wrong
59. Following

Down

1. "Star _____"
2. Cheerful
3. Poisonous African
or Egyptian snake
4. "_____ Beta Kappa"
5. To hide
6. Large silvery fish

7. 20th Cent. French
Painter, Fernand _____
8. One: Scot./Eng. dialect
9. Guard
10. Oil rich inhabitant of
the Mid-East
11. Prefix; downward
16. Row
20. Caliber (abbr)
21. Chemical element
23. Organization of
American States
24. Dined
25. A variety of
pigeons
26. To make unrecognizable
28. Vietnam (slang)
30. Fearful reverence
31. A distress signal
33. A prefix
34. An enigma
37. Radio station at the
University of Idaho
39. Typographers mark:
A unit of measurement
41. To furnish with a gift
43. Yearning
44. Engrave
45. A tropical plant
47. Above
48. An ending (fem. nouns)
49. Haunt or den
51. Dental group
52. Silver-white
metallic alloy
53. Consume

TELEVISION SPY DUOS

Name the partner and the series.

1. Kelly Robinson & _____ in _____
2. Napoleon Solo & _____ in _____
3. John Steed & _____ in _____
4. Maxwell Smart & _____ in _____
5. April Dancer & _____ in _____
6. Lee Stetson & _____ in _____
7. Boris Badenov & _____ in _____

TITLE TEST

From the clues listed below, identify the titles of thirteen spy thrillers written by a popular novelist. When the titles are filled in, reading down the arrowed column will reveal the author's name.

1. Toward the Arctic from the Eternal City
2. Not less than four but no more than six nor less than two but no more than four
3. Mount a sallow equine
4. Introduction to fright
5. Emissary on location
6. An ordered practice in a French region
7. Pals and sweethearts
8. The Austrian city link
9. The concealed bullseye
10. Verdict at oracle site
11. The blind episode
12. The twice reflection
13. Beyond doubt

[illegible]

SOLUTION TO SPY DUOS

1. Alexander Scott (Scotty) in I Spy.
2. Ilya Kuryakin in The Man From U.N.C.L.E.
3. Mrs. Emma Peel in The Avengers.
4. Agent 99 in Get Smart.
5. Mark Slate in The Girl from U.N.C.L.E.
6. Amanda King in Scarecrow And Mrs. King.
7. Natasha Fataley in Rocky And His Friends (Bullwinkle).

SOLUTION TO TITLE TEST



N O R T H F R O M R O M E
N E I T H E R F I V E N O R T H R E E
R I D E A P A L E H O R S E
P R E L U D E T O T E R R O R
A G E N T I N P L A C E
A S S I G N M E N T I N B R I T T A N Y
F R I E N D S A N D L O V E R S
T H E S A L Z B U R G C O N N E C T I O N
T H E H I D D E N T A R G E T
D E C I S I O N A T D E L P H I
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